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IT is now an open secret that the Cabinet is divided on the question of paying the June instalment of the American debt. Some urge that last December the understanding here was that no further instalments would be paid except as part of an agreed new settlement. Others argue that default will create a very bad atmosphere for the opening of the World Economic Conference. At this rate we shall go on paying for ever; there will always be strong reasons for cultivating American friendship, and the Americans show no alacrity to modify the obligation so long as we go on paying. It has been suggested that the present size of the Bank of England's gold reserve demonstrates our ability to pay. But this is nonsense. The Bank's surplus gold does not belong to the British Government or even really to British owners at all. It represents a backing against the large volume of private American money in London; and if we use it to pay our public debts to the U.S.A. these private American depositors will still have the right to claim their money back from London. In the circumstances, the case against paying appears overwhelmingly strong; and we are convinced that the main body of British opinion is against any further payment, except under a greatly modified new settlement.

The Four-Power Pact

The world has been waiting patiently for the news that the Four Powers have agreed on their Pact, and perhaps by the time these lines appear in print agreement will have been reached. And what then? We have been told—mostly from Rome—that it will mean a "guarantee of peace for ten years." There is no such guarantee in the Pact. Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany undertake, to be sure, to consult together on any important questions that threaten the peace, and to bring them before the League; but that, as members of the League, they were pledged to do without any new Pact. They are also agreed now, it appears, that treaty revision is a matter to be dealt with solely through the League. Without that there would have been implacable opposition from the Little Entente and Poland, and France would not have been a party to the Pact. What does it all amount to, then, beyond another asseveration of loyalty to the League, and another scheme for consultations? In that there may be some virtue; we hope there is. The Four-Power Pact might ease the tension between France and Italy; it might help to keep Hitler's Germany within bounds; it might instil a little confidence into a pessimistic Europe. But there is no certainty, or even probability, that it will; and the highest praise that can be given to it is to say that it looks quite harmless.

Air-bombing

The British claim to retain the right of air-bombing for the policing of outlying areas has been met with a chorus of disapproval at the Disarmament Conference. Captain Eden did his best in its defence, and now Lord Londonderry has gone out to Geneva to see if he can do better. Mr. Baldwin, questioned by Mr. Lansbury in Parliament on Tuesday, gave a testy reply. "The House," he said,

" cannot expect the Government to change a policy deliberately arrived at because objection has been taken to it." Why not—if the objection has weight? And weight it assuredly has. No doubt the dropping of bombs from aeroplanes on Arab or Indian frontier villages is the cheapest and quickest method of maintaining the " Pax Britannica," and in certain circumstances it may perhaps be no more inhuman than some other methods. But is it vital to us? If other Colonial Powers can do without it, why cannot we? It is evident that if we and they retain it, the exception to the rule of " no bombing from the air " will be formidable, and most of the world might well remain profoundly sceptical about these police bombers never being used for anything else than keeping order in the hinterlands of Africa and Asia. The British Government is not backward in asking other nations to abandon this or that pet weapon. If it genuinely wants results at the Disarmament Conference, it will have to make some sacrifice of its own in the common interest. We are glad to see that eighteen Tory M.P.s have tabled a motion demanding total abolition, without any reservations, of bombing from the air.

The Danzig Election

The General Election in Danzig last Sunday passed off very quietly. The result, as every one anticipated, was a victory for the Nazis; they polled just over fifty per cent. of the votes, and they hold thirty-eight seats out of seventy-two in the Diet. The Social Democrats have thirteen, the Communists five, the Centre ten, the German Nationals four, and the Poles two. Dr. Rauschning, the Nazi leader, who will no doubt be the head of the new Government, made some very prudent and reassuring statements on the morrow of the election. There was no intention, he declared, of making trouble with Poland, or of attempting by unconstitutional means to force revision of the treaty. Nor would there be any molestation, nor even dismissal from their posts, of Socialists, Communists and Jews. What positive policy, economic or political, the new Danzig Government has in mind, is not clear. Most people suppose that it will be under the thumb of Berlin; but Dr. Rauschning has explained that though the Nazi movement is ideologically one, that does not imply that there can be no local independence. Herr Hitler's orders will not bind the Danzigers except so far as they concern " the philosophic outlook of National Socialism." All this looks promising—for the moment.

Austro-German Quarrels

The latest diversion in the European lunatic asylum is the game of " pull devil pull baker " between Germany and Austria. The attempts by Dr. Dolfuss's Government to suppress the Austrian Nazis have enraged the Germans, and there were heated diplomatic exchanges a week or two ago over the cavalier treatment of Dr. Frank, one of Hitler's lieutenants, when he visited Austria. Now Berlin proposes to use the big stick. Germans who want to spend a holiday in Austria will have to pay 1,000 marks (or £50 at par) for a visa. That, it is expected, will be a heavy blow to the Austrian tourist traffic, which is said to be more than 20 per cent. German—and more than 70 per cent. in the mountain districts. Austria will not take it lying down. The exact form of the reprisals has not been settled, as we write; but it seems likely that a similar ban will be put on Austrian travellers to Germany, and the importation into Austria of various classes of German goods may be prohibited. Meanwhile it is announced from Berlin that the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* is suspended for three months for an article protesting against such fractricidal strife; and—supreme irony!—in Vienna an international congress is sitting this week to discuss the promotion of trade between nations.

Gandhi's Fast

Mr. Gandhi's twenty-one days' fast ended with a flourish—a sacrament of orange juice offered by an untouchable lad, a special poem by Tagore, hymns, and readings from the Hindu, Moslem, and Christian scriptures. The physical achievement is extraordinary on the part of a man of sixty-four, whose minute body is little more than " the steadfast and enduring bone." The results of the ordeal in respect of the secular struggle between the untouchables of the caste Hindus cannot be forecast; it is difficult to see how they can have any importance, while the political problem of the Mahatma remains. He was released unconditionally when entering upon his fast. The Government cannot want him back in prison, but it may demand from him a pledge against the resumption of civil disobedience. Such a pledge would be irrelevant. Civil disobedience was ordered by the executive of the National Congress, and that body alone can reverse the policy. But Congress is a proscribed organisation, and most of its leaders are still in jail. The Government of India is in a very awkward position, from which it might easily have escaped if the Viceroy, a month ago, had shown a little imagination. The central fact now is that Mr. Gandhi has ceased to be a political leader. It is within the power of Lord Willingdon to prevent his return to Congress politics.

The U.S. Delegation

When President Roosevelt formed his Cabinet it was noted that it did not include any of the members of the Democratic party whose names are well known outside the United States. A similar comment may be made upon the personnel of the American delegation to the World Economic Conference; and yet the group is decidedly interesting, especially to those who are able to connect the names with contemporary movements and interests in the United States. The Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, is, of course, the first delegate, but it is understood that he will not be able to remain in England beyond the earlier stages of the Conference. When he returns to Washington his place will be taken by Senator Pittman, the leading representative in Congress of the Western silver interests. Mr. James M. Cox, formerly Governor of Ohio, has interested himself directly in European affairs since the single spectacular event of his career, his defeat by Warren Harding in the contest for the Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt's latest appointment to the delegation is Senator Couzens of Michigan, an outstanding Middle Western politician and a successful man of business. Mr. Couzens was an early partner of Henry Ford's. In the Senate he has at times been very active, particularly in opposition to the financial policy of Mr. A. W. Mellon. If it is asked whether men of this kind must not of necessity be less at home in the Economic Conference than American public men of wider experience

would be, the answer is that the decisions on behalf of the United States will be made by the President himself.

Agricultural Marketing

Major Elliot's Agriculturing Marketing Bill received its third reading in the House of Commons on Tuesday. Although the Labour Party, as well as the Independent Liberals, opposed the third reading, there was a substantial difference in the attitude of the two groups. The Liberals opposed for Free Trade reasons, objecting to the large powers which the Bill confers for the regulation of imports, whereas the Labour Party, author of Dr. Addison's Act to which the new measure is a pendant, took the ground that the Bill restricts imports without either providing for bulk purchase or giving adequate safeguards against exploitation to either consumers or agricultural workers. Manifestly, the powers conferred by the Bill are dangerous to consumers; for they include power to allow agricultural prices to rise to any height in the interests of the home producers, and make possible agrarian protectionism of the type now in force over a large part of the Continent. But for the present their abuse is partly guarded against by agreements with the exporting countries, which prevent very sharp contractions in the volume of imports allowed. The danger of the Bill comes mainly from the handle which it gives to the extreme protectionists on the Government benches; but the system of regulation that it embodies is, with all its defects, preferable to an inclusive agrarian tariff.

The Land Taxes

The Tory back-benchers have withdrawn their amendment for the complete repeal of Lord Snowden's land valuation clauses, incorporated in the Finance Act of 1931, and they seem to have done this, under strong pressure from their leaders, without getting any pledge of repeal next year or during the life of the present Parliament. This is presumably a concession to the susceptibilities of Mr. MacDonald and his ex-Labour colleagues, who can hardly be expected to take another stiff dose of Tory medicine so soon after swallowing the Co-operative tax. Practically, it makes little difference whether the clauses are repealed or not; for no action can be taken under them except by direction of Parliament, and the present Parliament will obviously give no such direction. The issue is symbolic rather than important in itself—though, of course, the retention of the clauses will make positive action easier for a Parliament differently composed. The outcome of the struggle shows that, for the present, the Tory back-benchers are not prepared to push their dislike of coalition to the point of defying their leaders, who, for their part, still mostly want to carry on as a "National" Government. But if the World Economic Conference and the Disarmament Conference both fail, and the battle is fairly joined over India, how much even of the tatters of Mr. MacDonald's prestige will be left, and how soon will Mr. Baldwin's hand be forced by his followers?

The Problem of the Coal Mines

The Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission is still pursuing its policy of tackling the weaker district first. It has now intimated its intention, since the owners have failed to produce a scheme of their own on a voluntary basis, of drawing up a compulsory scheme of amalgamation for the small coalfields of South Derbyshire and Leicestershire; and it has also told the Warwickshire owners that it will take similar action in their case unless they produce a scheme during the next few months. Thus, very slowly, the Commission is beginning to bring its compulsory powers into action. But we believe we are right in saying that not one scheme, even for the relatively small coalfields which alone it has so far tackled, has yet been brought into operation, or even drawn up in a final form. At this rate, it will be years before any of the larger coalfields are touched at all, and decades before any real progress is made towards the reorganisation of the mining industry as a whole. Meanwhile, the Government's proposed amendments to the present national scheme of colliery regulation are still awaited.

Post Office Profits

A small advance has been made towards improving the control of the Post Office by the provision, approved by Parliament this week, that in certain circumstances a part of the postal surplus shall be retained by the department for the development of the service instead of passing automatically to the Exchequer. But the Post Office will not be able to retain anything until it has paid the State £11,000,000 a year, *i.e.*, roughly the sum which it has been paying over hitherto. Moreover, the expenditure of any sums it is able to retain is still to be subject to Treasury control, though apparently the detailed control by the Treasury over all forms of Post Office expenditure, as it exists to-day, is to be relaxed to a certain extent. In effect, the Post Office stands to gain much as a result of the concession in respect of the surplus only if its net revenue expands, and the expansion does not compel it to reduce postal charges so as again to destroy the additional surplus. There is only a promise that, when better times return, the annual sum which the Post Office has to pay over to the Exchequer by way of tax or rent may be reconsidered.

The Church and the Age

At the moment when a London publisher—defying the Whitsun holidays and the enormous sweepstakes of Derby Week—issues a composite volume in which a large company of clerics and laymen discuss Christianity and the Crisis, the London Diocesan conference is invited to debate a radical resolution relating to the causes of poverty, the social horrors of the age, and the duty of the Church in respect of them. This has annoyed the *Times*, which proclaims that the Church is in no way concerned with "the ideal of social justice and the achievement of a social order" from which the causes of poverty and gross human waste should be eliminated. The clergy can know little or nothing about the causes of poverty, except that human beings "vary immensely in character and capability." The real work of the Church, the *Times* contends, is "to gain afresh the nation for Christ," and that work must be conducted among the masses of people in whose lives "religion has virtually no place." And what is the Church going to say to all this godless host? That slums, misery, hunger, do not matter—or, at any rate, are not the parson's business? One would have thought it was worth the Church of England's while to take stock of the social causes of its stupendous failure to Christianise the English people.

PROSPECTS ON THE RUBICON

WHAT will happen when the World Economic Conference, so often delayed and so often despaired of, does at last meet on June 12th? During the past month or two hopes and fears have ebbed and flowed again and again. When President Roosevelt and Mr. MacDonald issued their joint statement after their conversations in Washington, it looked as if Great Britain and the United States had agreed, at any rate in outline, on a common programme to be presented to the Conference, and as if this programme would at least include proposals for collective action to raise the level of world prices. It seemed, moreover, that President Roosevelt and Mr. MacDonald were agreed in holding that prices could not be effectively raised by mere monetary manipulation, and that there would have to be extensive Government spending in order to ensure the active circulation of the additional money to be created by the action of the banks. It appeared then that, for good or ill, an experiment was to be made on the lines which have been repeatedly advocated in these columns—the enlargement of demand and employment with the assurance that the banks would make available the requisite increase in monetary supply.

Since then, the prospect has darkened again. Mr. MacDonald, on his return from the United States, made a statement which threw no light at all on the real meaning of the joint declaration; and the subsequent development of American policy suggests that Mr. Roosevelt is still groping in the dark, and snatching at one expedient after another rather than following out any clearly conceived line of policy, at any rate in the international field. Even if his economic adviser, Professor Moley, had not warned the world against expecting too much from the Economic Conference, and stressed the purely national factors in promoting an American recovery, the composition of the United States delegation to the Conference, as far as it has been announced, would stand as a warning to Europe against expecting any large American initiative. After all, it was Mr. MacDonald, rather than President Roosevelt, who pressed for the early meeting of the Conference; and the Americans may well suggest that it is for Mr. MacDonald to take the lead in suggesting what is to be done.

We in Great Britain are, unhappily, well aware that giving a constructive lead is not Mr. MacDonald's strong point. This country is undoubtedly committed by its declaration at the Ottawa Conference, as well as by many ministerial *obiter dicta*, to the view that world prices ought to be raised to a more satisfactory level. But is it committed to any particular method of bringing about this highly desirable result, or even to the view that there is any effective way which it is within our power to adopt? Almost no one now believes that a mere extension of bank facilities for credit, however far it might be pressed, would by itself do the trick. Even most of those who are called inflationists hold that a large extension of public spending out of loans would be indispensable in order to get the additional credits put to uses which would stimulate employment and demand. But there is not the smallest sign that the Government is contemplating any departure at all from its present policy of "economy," or proposing to deal with the unemployed by any other method than keeping them alive on the cheapest possible terms.

Meanwhile, in the United States there is a boomlet. Activity has developed again in a number of trades. There is a brisk demand for motor cars, and the steel trade has made a recovery. The question, of course, is whether this boomlet is based on a real improvement in conditions, or a mere recoil from the excessive depression which immediately preceded the banking crash, or again a speculative anticipation of the things the American Government is thought to be going to do. It seems likely that President Roosevelt is watching the progress of the boomlet in the hope that it may relieve him from the necessity of actually using the large powers which Congress conferred upon him during the panic. If that is so, he will be unwilling to put any clear proposals before the World Economic Conference, because he simply does not know what his own policy is likely to be, even for a few months ahead. He will presumably, if this is a correct interpretation of his attitude, not be ready to say at present what he proposes to do about the dollar, whether he means to devaluate it permanently or to go back to the gold standard at the old parity; whether he means to embark on internal reflation or not; how large a scheme of public works he intends to launch—or indeed any of the things which he must make plain if he is to give the assembled delegations a constructive lead.

But it is no less hard for the other delegations to declare their proposals in ignorance of the future course of American monetary policy. The European countries inevitably want to know what Mr. Roosevelt's insistence on the need for re-establishing international monetary stability really means. Until we know whether the dollar is to be brought back to the old parity, or to what extent it is likely to be devaluated, it is impossible for us to decide on a definite policy for the pound sterling. Moreover, so long as the American monetary outlook remains quite uncertain, it is safe to assume that the French, at any rate, will not listen to any plans for reflation on an international scale. France will stick to the gold standard at the present gold value of the franc, at least until she is certain that American policy is bound to make such an attitude impossible.

Again, the World Conference seems likely to open in entire uncertainty about the American attitude on the question of the war debts. It now seems clear that President Roosevelt's delegation will come to London without any power to reach agreement on this question, or even to start discussions with France and the other defaulters unless they pay up what they failed to pay last December. If we default in June will the Americans similarly refuse to discuss the matter with us? In any event the outlook is bad; for how can the Conference get on with the problem of European debts to European creditors if it is precluded from discussing the debts of Europe to the United States? As the entire debt problem is vital to European recovery—and the war debt problem is only a minor part of the problem as a whole—the Conference may easily find itself held up by the exclusion of one of the key issues from its agenda.

If an immediate initiative does come from the American delegation, it seems, on present indications, most likely to consist of a proposal for an all-round reduction in tariffs and other forms of protection. With such a proposal we should, of course, be in complete sympathy;

and it would be worth a great deal to Europe to secure a substantial reduction in the American tariff. But what hope is there that the European countries can, even if they would, respond to an initiative of this sort so long as the questions of debts and prices are left unsettled? European tariffs and restrictions on trade, at the absurd heights which they have reached to-day, are the results far less of protectionism in the ordinary sense than of the sheer necessity for restricting imports at any cost in order to stave off the collapse of the currencies of the debtor countries. Of what use is it to tell the Austrians or the Hungarians, or even the Germans, to lower their tariffs and remove their vexatious restrictions on trade and foreign exchange, unless at the same time we can promise them relief from their debt burdens, or a substantial rise in world prices, or preferably both?

Apart from what the American delegation may bring forward, the Conference will probably, unless the British Government after all decides to give a lead, be thrown back upon the Report of the Preparatory Committee of Experts. This document, prepared before America went off gold, amounts to no more than an agenda covering the main subjects that will clearly have to be discussed, with annotations which state differences with little attempt to resolve them. If the Preparatory Committee's Report is made the basis for the work of the Conference, what seems most likely is a repetition of what has happened at Geneva in the debates on disarmament—a meeting indefinitely prolonged, and the submergence of the great issues in a mass of highly controversial details.

In these circumstances is it hopeless to appeal to the British delegation to give the Conference a lead? We are explicitly committed to an attempt to raise the level of world prices; we have pressed strongly for the convening of the Conference; and we are in a position to talk to both America and France in a friendly way. It seems to rest upon us to make a constructive proposal, and thus to stimulate the other countries to make up their own minds. It is being suggested that it would destroy the prospects of success for any one country to come forward with a cut-and-dried scheme. But we can easily make it clear that our scheme is not meant to be cut-and-dried, but rather to serve as a basis for discussion; and in fact the Conference is far more likely to come to disaster if everyone hangs back till the rest have declared their policy, than if one country at least is prepared to screw up its courage to the point of making a definite proposal.

EDUCATION UNDER HITLER

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT UNTIL RECENTLY RESIDENT IN GERMANY.]

WHEN the débâcle came in 1918 many thoughtful Germans were of the opinion that the German schoolmaster was largely to blame for the plight of their country, for the false ideals they had followed and the drill-ground mentality that had allowed them to be so disastrously misled. The constitution-makers of Weimar felt the need of reforming their schools, and a remarkable article was admitted, No. 148, which runs: "In every school the educational aims must be moral training, public spirit, personal and vocational fitness, and, above all, the cultivation of German national character and of the spirit of international reconciliation." The elementary school teachers leaned to the side of international appeal and a rational individualism, so that progress along these lines was possible and much was done to prepare the young for a new world. The university professors mostly remained monarchist and nationalist, but the dynamic outburst of idealism in the youth of the country, which found expression in the great *Jugend-bewegung*, was wholly on the side of peace and international friendship. The new freedom of the Republic gave the opportunity to those who for years had been thinking out the possibilities of a new education. Progressive and experimental schools sprang up, such as the *Landschulheime*, the results of the "new" psychology were vigorously applied—in short, free spirits everywhere tried to work out a new education which should be a complete reversal of the old. The dry and bespectacled cramming was to be changed into the communication of living knowledge; artificial authority and corporal punishment were to give place to methods which should develop the pupil's own sense of responsibility in a free community life; regimentation and repression, the crushing of children into moulds, the strident nationalism of the State education under the Imperial regime, were to be for ever abandoned.

The new spirit worked its way with varying degrees of success. Beyond the Elbe and in Bavaria there was not much enthusiasm, but some States took up reform even more expressly than the constitution prescribed. Brunswick issued a code urging teachers of history to emphasise the progress of civilisation and exhibit wars as retrograde, while language teachers should use their opportunity to describe the ways and ideas of other peoples with a view to sympathetic understanding.

The course of events after the war made work in this direction increasingly difficult. The recommendations to teachers were recommendations and nothing more, and the Ministers of Education were successively more and more conservative. The continued hostility of the ex-enemy Powers and the various proofs they gave that they were not prepared to accept Germany on an equal footing, broke the back of all work which made for political liberty, freedom of personal expression, peace and international goodwill. It is this gradual conviction that the victor Powers were wronging Germany and deliberately preventing her recovery, and at the same time not carrying out their promise to disarm, that gave the death-blow to liberalism in thought and education, as much as in politics.

When Herr Hitler's accession to power was consolidated through the election of March 5th, he set to work at once to take education in hand. The children all had a holiday to celebrate his victory—a form of ingratiation much used by the ex-Kaiser—and corporal punishment was reintroduced. The higher officials in the Ministries of Education who were not Nazi were given leave, as it is expressed. The lower officials and teachers have since then been gradually sifted, till now the whole educational system from top to bottom is run by Nazis. Nazis were sent to schools, walked into the classes and cross-examined the teacher before his pupils and, if they thought necessary, arrested him at once. Attempts were made to find out from children what their parents' politics were. Religion was reintroduced as a compulsory subject, and the *Lebenskunde*, or non-confessional moral instruction which had been given, branded as a crime. Up till now the religion lessons in the schools of which I have direct knowledge have consisted for the most part of talks about Herr Hitler and the glories of Germany. Children themselves told me that the teacher had said in the religion lesson that Hitler was the second Jesus, but greater than the first, because he had not only one Power but the whole world against him. They were also told that he once nearly lost his sight, and it was miraculously restored. Much time is given to the singing of *Deutschland über alles* and the Nazi song, which I heard sung by different classes in the neighbouring elementary school practically the whole morning every day. At the beginning of term, after the Easter holidays (which were lengthened in honour of Hitler's birthday), only two of the former ten teachers were still there. The new headmaster addressed the

school and said that Hitler had been sent by God to the German people, and he himself had been sent to this school by God through Hitler. He told them, "Ihr sollt Gott lieben und fürchten und der Menschen spotten," which the children understood as "die Menschen verspotten." The newcomers in the first class were told that if they had no nice pictures of Luther and Bismarck at home they should urge their mothers to buy them. The same children were on their first schoolday taught a verse which shows very neatly the educational point of view of the Hitler government. Modern educationists in Germany as elsewhere had contended that children should be told the truth about birth, and not the traditional myths. The Nazis are all for the stork! Here is the verse:

Eins, zwei, drei, vier,
Dumme Leute sind wir.
Fünf, sechs, sieben, acht,
Der Storch hat uns gebracht.
Neun, zehn,
Aber niemand hat es gesehen.

It is interesting to note that, although in public everybody has to go with the crowd, the parents of children at this school have secretly collected money to help the dismissed non-Nazi headmaster. In private, too, many mothers deplore the drenching of their children with politics, and the fact that they know that teachers and others have to turn Nazi against their convictions to earn a living at all.

That is the position in State schools. It can well be imagined what the position is in private schools, particularly the progressive ones. They are all in difficulty or at least carrying on in daily uncertainty. The well-known *Landerziehungsheim Wickersdorf* has been closed, and the *Odenwaldschule* is only allowed to go on if it takes Nazi teachers. The New Education Fellowship (of which Sir Michael Sadler and Sir Percy Nunn have been presidents) is banned as a Marxist organisation, and copies of its German organ are liable to confiscation.

Following their policy of wiping out whatever was introduced by the Republic, the Nazis have closed the *Volkshochschulen*, where adults could attend classes of all kinds. The non-confessional school for social workers in the place where I lived has been closed, and such institutions are now open only to students who can produce certificates of confirmation and church membership: persons who have left their church or had no religious instruction in their childhood are not admitted. Many Jewish children have been sent home from school, and the difficulties put in the way of Jews who would have pursued higher studies are very thorough, while special favour in the matter of scholarships and free places is shown to young men who have served in the Nazi troops. It has been officially declared that the Government does not favour the extension of education among the people, and especially women: the woman's place is at home, and the proper thing for young men is to be subjected to military discipline.

The openly declared aim of education now from the primary schools up to the universities is to produce Germans who believe in the most emphatic and exclusive sort of nationalism and are the enemies of internationalism in any shape, whose ideals are those of the Prussian officer, who hold, with Bismarck, that the proper way to settle differences is not the Round Table, but Blood and Iron. The State is everything, the individual nothing, as Hitler is never tired of repeating.

To these ends every subject of instruction must be turned. Art must work people up to patriotic passion; as Dr. Hartnacke, speaking for the Saxon Ministry of Education, said, "Art must advise, admonish, incite to national passion." Literature is to be purely patriotic, and books which treat of peace and international understanding are not allowed even in private hands. Herr Hitler himself declared last February that the young are to be taught history in such a way that they shall above all things reverence the German army and see in it the emblem of Germany's highest achievement: "We want to train them to veneration for our old army, which they shall think about and reverence again, and in which they must see the personification of the greatest performance our German people have ever achieved." Every week the children have a patriotic lesson, *Vaterländische Stunde*, devoted to the Treaty of Versailles, the crimes of the Allies, the Jews and Communists, the Great Germans, who are not Goethe, Bach, Kant, but Barbarossa, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, while among recent heroes a foremost place is given to one Schlageter, who caused an explosion in the Ruhr and was shot by the French, a play about whom has been given sixteen times on the wireless in the last few months.

In a world which is painfully groping its way forward to a better order of things, such is the education which the German Government has planned for its children. V. O.

A LONDON DIARY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, who died in penury last week, was not a man about whom one need feel compunction in breaking the rule that forbids saying aught but good about the dead. To whitewash his memory would be to do him an injustice. Bottomley was a master of humbug; he waxed fat on it and revelled in it. He was none of your dull, close hypocrites, but a genial and, on occasion, a generous rascal. His ability was not confined to the City or to the Bankruptcy Court, where he was one of the best-known figures of his time. He was a clever journalist and a clever speaker, and had he taken up the law as a profession he would have risen high in it. My recollections of him go back to pre-war days when he was in Parliament, and was running his campaign for a "Business Government." What he knew about the art or science of government would have gone on the back of a postage stamp; his conception of "business" was Satanic. But he found—for this, as for all his stunts—an audience and a following among the innocent and respectable. In his popular magazine, *John Bull*, his speciality was the exposure of hypocrisy. During the war he came out as the super-recruiting sergeant, and at one period he got into the pulpit in a Sunday paper and produced week by week an amazing page of sanctimonious patriotic cant. Even when he came out of prison in 1927 he was still humbugging. He posed as a popular hero, and actually tried to set up as an authority on prison reform. His public failed him in the end; but he had had his money's worth out of it for the best part of half a century.

* * *

Sir John Harris has a fine record as a champion of the cause of the black peoples and it is natural that he should write in celebration of the legal abolition of slavery in the British Empire in 1833. After reading his vivid little book, *A Century of Emancipation* (Dent, 5s.), the impressions most clearly left on my mind are, first, that there is absolutely no limit to the cruelty that men will inflict on each other in pursuit of gain; secondly, that Sir John has done well to emphasise that slavery still exists—he estimates that there are still some five million slaves in the world, not counting various forms of veiled slavery—and, thirdly, that the story of emancipation is a splendid and unusual one, since the small band of people who have fought this monstrous evil have been for the most part without axes to grind, genuine in their hatred of cruelty and disinterested in their humanitarianism. Apart from the grotesque wording of the dedication to Lady Simon, who, poor woman, is compared to Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry and Harriet Beecher-Stowe, I have only one serious complaint to make against this book. Sir John's story seems to me to become less ingenuous as he approaches recent times. His account of the coconut slavery of Portuguese West Africa and of the Putumayo rubber slavery should be read side by side with those of H.W. Nevinson in *More Chances and Changes*. It is clear, for instance, that the man who was more than any other responsible for the exposure of the Putumayo horrors (which were as bad as those of the Congo) was Sir Roger Casement. And Sir Roger, who also played an important part in emancipation in the Congo and in San Thomé, is not

even mentioned in this book. I can imagine no reputable reason for this. The fact that Casement died an Irish and not an English patriot cannot, I presume, be considered a reason for suppressing the tale of his great services to the cause which Sir John Harris has so much at heart.

* * *

A friend of mine, who has just returned from Italy, tells me that the *Times* in which was the controversy between Lord Rennell and Mr. Wickham Steed reached him in Siena. He was amused one Sunday morning to read Lord Rennell's letter stating that the Balilla, or Boy Scouts, are never armed with rifles, because he had just seen a body of these children march down the chief street of Siena with rifles on their shoulders. The amount of regimenting, drilling, and marching which goes on in Italian towns to-day is extraordinary. The mental atmosphere, with its high-pitched bombastic propaganda and the uniform monotony of the Government press, is singularly unpleasant to anyone who is accustomed to some freedom of thought. The effectiveness of this propaganda, so far as the minds of the Italians themselves are concerned, seems to be considerable. For instance, my friend was motoring and he found that whenever he asked anyone whether the road to a place was good, he always got the same answer: "Oh, yes, all the roads in Italy are now good." The statement is quite untrue, as the speaker might have learnt by observing the roads round his own town, which are more often than not bad and very incompetently repaired. But propaganda asserts that Fascism has made a new and efficient Italy in which all the roads are good—and great is the god Propaganda.

* * *

I hear that Toynbee Hall is proposing to celebrate its jubilee next year. Toynbee, the earliest of the University settlements, sprang from the social awakening to which, later on, its own work and influence made a big contribution. Whitechapel in those days was "Darkest London," the home of dire poverty, of the sweater, the hooligan and the criminal—though it was never quite so frightful as the respectable world outside imagined. Canon Barnett, the Warden, and his wife and the young men from Oxford and Cambridge who came as residents, did a remarkable work in bridging the gulf between the two worlds. And they not only gave much, but themselves learned much; and their understanding and experience were the basis of many social reforms in after years. Among the early settlers were Vaughan Nash, who became a crusader to save the victims of occupational disease; Ernest Aves and Hubert Llewellyn Smith, who helped Charles Booth in his great investigation that produced *Life and Labour of the People*; C. H. Grinling, who created a ferment of his own in Woolwich. These and a long line of successors—civil servants, lawyers, doctors and journalists—have left their mark. And the Barnetts, now founding an institution like the Whitechapel Art Gallery, now an organisation like the Children's Country Holiday Fund, led the van and drew a host of sympathisers and inquirers to East London. East London is changed to-day, and so (though less noticeably) is Toynbee, but it is still, under its present Warden, Mr. Mallon, a live social and educational centre, a meeting place of divers clubs, unions, classes, committees and individuals, all working in their own ways at the task of making a better civilisation.

* * *

Scotland Yard is preparing elaborate plans for ensuring the safety of the famous statesmen of sixty-five nations who will be in this country for the Economic Conference . . .

On arrival in England they will be met by special Yard men, who will be specially selected for their experience with international crooks and their linguistic abilities.—*Daily Express.*

* * *

A vote of thanks to the speakers was proposed by Mr. George Anderson, a former vice-president of the Association. The Co-operative Societies had always been a sore point to him as a trader. His opinion was that the Societies had used their influence to undermine the British Constitution (Hear, hear.).—*East Ham Echo.*

* * *

The week has seen the splendour of the first Court. It is the only Court left in the world that really matters—even including Stalin and his comrades sitting in the Kremlin eating imported tinned peas with their knives. We are a fortunate people, and Thursday night's scene at Buckingham Palace, with the Prince of Wales assisting the Queen in the absence of the King, means much to the world, as well as to Britain.

The fact that so few of us received invitations does not matter. It's the continuation of tradition and tranquillity that counts. On the other hand, it seems a pity that the débutantes will no longer be able to line up in the Mall. The crowd liked it, and it was good training for the débutantes, as a prelude to the strain of social life in this age of super-tax.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

* * *

That was a majestic performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony with which the B.B.C. concluded the London Music Festival last night. One did not need to be a highbrow to appreciate its grandeur. I have but one fault to find with Beethoven—that he did not arrange to be born in England.—Provincial paper.

* * *

FREE EDUCATION offered to backward girl in return for help with juniors in private school.—L.T.V., *Herald* Office, Sutton.

* * *

The Temperance League in conference yesterday smote the Chancellor of the Exchequer hip and thigh because he has reduced the price of beer.

These water salvationists should study their own brief better before they denounce beer. It is more easily obtained than water in many villages. In the countryside cottagers often have to walk a mile to get their water from a well or a stream. Drought is a regular feature of country life, and watering the farm stock in summer is an acute problem.—*Daily Express.* CRITIC

TOO MUCH MILK

THE position of the milk industry is matter of great anxiety, not only for the farmer, but for the Government. Some of the concessions in which the Ottawa Agreement have involved us are working against the dairy farmers' interests, and the Government is seeking a way out. The Reorganisation Commission's searching report was put to the Farmers' Union, which presented a scheme to the Ministry of Agriculture. This was lodged for a statutory period which closed on May 2nd; protests remain to be heard. Thereafter the Ministry must confer with the National Farmers' Union, and a majority vote will decide the issue. For the moment, however, we are concerned not with future reorganisation but with possible ways of dealing immediately with that unforgivable thing—a milk glut in a world in which a large section of the population is under-nourished.

It is no use blaming the farmer for providing us with too much home-grown dairy produce. Farmers have, of course, gone in for dairying because it possesses a very definite attraction in hard times. The producer gets his money every week or every month; he can reckon for the time being on a fixed return. If he plants corn he may have to wait eighteen months for his cash harvest, without knowing what that will amount to. Thus, in the times of acute depression through which we have been passing an increase in milk was inevitable. But, though our total home production amounts to 70 million pounds' worth per year, we consume as a nation about twice that quantity.

As everybody knows, surplus milk goes to the making of cheese and butter, and if cheese and butter prices are even tolerably remunerative, it is not difficult to absorb everything left over from the liquid milk market. Unfortunately, the slump in both cheese and butter prices has been unprecedented. We have had Colonial cheese of good quality selling in the wholesale market of late at 37*s.* per cwt.—just under 4*d.* per lb., and butter selling at 66*s.* With these prices the home producer is not in a position to compete. Australian cheese and New Zealand butter imports are safe for the next three years under the Ottawa Agreement, and the Dominions will not quota their cheese unless we will quota foreign butter. In other words, limitation imposed on Denmark is a condition precedent to an improvement in home prices.

That is the method of foreign restriction, what of the other possible remedy, increase in home consumption of liquid milk? At present it is about one-third of a pint per head per

day, or very little more ; and we are told that there are countless houses in which milk is bought for the cat and for use in tea, but serves no other purpose. If we were even a coffee-drinking country the demand would be much greater, but owing to the way in which coffee is made by the average housewife or cook the outlook in this direction remains depressing. But we have necessitous children by tens of thousands, and surplus milk in thousands of gallons that would be invaluable to the rising generation. Cannot the two be brought together? The Ministry of Agriculture, or at least the Minister, is said to look upon the idea with a favourable eye ; if the Government could make the effort it would help the farmers to solve the dairy problem, and improve the nation's health at the same time. The cry that there is no money for a grant-in-aid comes oddly at a time when it is proposed quite seriously to extend the inflated beet subsidy beyond next year ; the subsidy that has cost well over 30 millions—not far short of 40 by 1934—and has been to no small extent a gift to the wealthy owners of factories and to expert agriculturists. This dole to promote an industry that shows no marked inclination to stand on its own feet will have cost more than £3,500,000 per annum at the end of the coming season !

The troubles of the dairy farmer, *vis-à-vis* the combines, have been dealt with in this place before, and there is no need to say more than that the Commission found the case against the distributors proved, and declared that the charges for handling and delivery, which amount to between 45 per cent. and 50 per cent. of the retail prices, are excessive. But so far as liquid milk is concerned, the farmer who gets paid every week by the combine has something to be grateful for. It is the manufacturing price that has beaten him. This is based per gallon upon the price per lb. of first-quality New Zealand and Canadian cheese, less 2*d*. for manufacturer's costs. Now, in 1922-23 the comparative figure, less the grant for expenses, left about 9*d*. per gallon for factory milk ; but to-day cheese has fallen disastrously. Again, owing to the difficulties in other directions, and the prompt payment received for milk, we are probably producing in this country at least 1,000 million gallons per year, whilst our liquid requirements do not exceed 700 millions ; and it is likely that the dairy herd of this country —cows and heifers—runs into 3 millions. It is strange that the combines have succeeded in keeping up prices. To-day milk is retailed at nearly twice the pre-war price, whilst all other foodstuffs have fallen heavily, and cream continues to yield 300 per cent. profit to the intermediaries. At the same time, by reason of the united efforts of the Ministry, farmers and the trade, liquid milk is of admirable quality.

The difficulty of reorganisation in the milk industry is complicated by the import of 100,000 tons of separated or skimmed condensed milk, of which only 2 per cent. comes from Empire sources, and our rulers have waited till last week to put restrictions in the way of this business. Another difficulty that hampers the trade is the purchase by big consumers on the basis of tender. The milk producer is so anxious to find a liquid milk market that, *faute de mieux*, he will take any price that is in excess of the manufacturing one ; so great houses that handle milk in bulk can cut the combines out. The latter need no sympathy, but in common fairness they must be assured against this competition before they can quote the necessary uniform price to the dairy farmer. Then again, some manufacturers are said to buy milk at a manufacturing figure and sell it at liquid prices, so that the trade itself, from whatever side we view it, is in difficulties, and one of the ways out is the increased consumption that would enable prices to be stabilised and promote a reasonable loyalty among producers.

The Reorganisation Commission declared that " the cost to the individual of a National Educational Campaign for milk would be negligible, and the benefit would be out of all proportion to the liabilities it would impose." This is common sense. The question arises as to what is the best form of educational campaign, and it may be suggested that a campaign in schools, factories, and workshops, subsidised in the case of the first-named, would be very hard to beat. We have certain facts to go on. The Milk Publicity Council, which is doing excellent work, has pointed out the direct advantage to the physique of the nation. In the Corry Mann Report it was shown that on ordinary diet, schoolboys increased under 4 lb. in one year, and with one pint of milk daily the increase was nearly 7 lb. The experiment was not an isolated one ; it was carried out by the Medical Research Council on over 220 boys of school age. Continued in a later year, it divided nearly 1,200 children into " milk-fed " and " non-milk-fed " groups. There was an increase of 23.5 per cent. in height and 45.37 per cent. in weight in favour of the former group.

Milk Clubs are being started in factories and in mining areas ; in the last week of March 28,000 bottles of milk were taken in twenty-four pits. So consumption grows, but not fast enough to help the industry, nor can necessitous children take advantage of the conditions now ruling in the trade. In these circumstances it may be suggested that an arrangement by which the inevitable surplus of liquid milk should be distributed throughout the schools by aid of a Government grant would be the finest propaganda possible, and would be of great aid to the agricultural industry by reducing the manufacturing surplus. Campaigns that merely spend large sums of money in display advertisement cannot reach the rank and file in the same fashion. The creation of a " milk habit " might save the agricultural industry for years to come.

We know that the reply to this suggestion is that the Government cannot afford to adopt it. Against this it may be pointed out that some of the economies practised by the Ministry of Agriculture under the direction of the Treasury are among the most expensive imaginable. For example, two years ago the writer called the attention of the authorities to the musquash danger, at a time when a few hundred pounds might well have proved effective to remove the trouble, but some bright folk had suggested that interference with the musquash would be destructive to a new industry. So the breeders were left to their own devices, and to-day the Ministry employs upwards of forty trappers with expert guidance, and these are unable to meet the menace. In Hampshire, three or four years ago, I saw damage being done by rats that must have cost the country thousands of pounds, and I was told that on the score of economy the County Council had dismissed their two rat officers who were costing them £6 to £7 per week each !

To-day, if our rulers desire to help agriculture without incurring expense they might very reasonably terminate a part of the sugar beet subsidy, which at best only helps a section of farmers, and devote a sum equal to 10 per cent. of the amount it has spent so recklessly, to developing milk consumption. They would not only aid the industry but would help the future generation of citizens, who will apparently have sufficient responsibilities to need all the assistance sound health can give them.

S. L. B.

BELMONT

WHAT is Belmont, and why is it hated by the poor? Its very existence is probably quite unknown to the majority of people, and yet to a few thousands of men it can mean a complete change in their lives, a change from which economic necessity makes it almost impossible for them to escape. It is a home, and not a home ; a prison and not a prison ; a place of training which may be said not unfairly to train no one ; an attempt on the part of one lot of more fortunate men to deal with another lot of less fortunate men—in short, the London Residential Colony, and shorter " Belmont "; and, shortest of all, in the jargon of Public Assistance Committees, " R.T." or Residential Training. It is a colossal building, standing on the outskirts of London, on a fine, healthy site, and was originally built for a school complete with chapel and large grounds, but is now used for the housing of about 700 unemployed, able-

bodied men who are no longer eligible for Unemployment Insurance Benefit, are in receipt of public assistance, and are between the ages of, roughly, twenty and fifty. It is difficult to get the Superintendent to take anyone older, or anyone even slightly disabled, though a one-legged man got there once, but no one knows how it was done. Belmont, as it is usually though unofficially called, is intended for able-bodied men who have been more or less continuously out of work for a long period. To use again the language of Relieving Officers and Committees, they have not "shown" any work for some months, and sometimes have not "shown" any continuously for some years. It is also intended for those who have not shown any great wish to "show" work. In these circumstances a Public Assistance Sub-Committee will consider it time that residence at Belmont should be a condition of further "out relief," and the Chairman will inform the applicant, who may meet the news with a violent and passionate outburst against it, or, more usually, with the dumb and wretched resignation of an animal which knows itself powerless.

The original intention of the London Residential Training Colony was that it should "train men," but according to the latest official instructions it is to "maintain their employability and assist in their restoration to independent life." As a matter of fact it has been found almost impossible to train them for any occupation which is not already overstocked with workers, and this knowledge makes the men apathetic in learning and gives the whole place a feeling of dreariness and futility. The work has so little relation to what the majority of them have done in the past, or what perhaps the more optimistic of them hope to do in the future. The inmates are engaged in the usual occupations of mat and brush-making, boot repairing, and so on. There is a "hall" which they have decorated themselves, and which, in fact, they decorate over and over again. The food is adequate, institutional food; the sleeping accommodation has the usual iron beds in vast dormitories. The whole place has the almost inevitable effect of an Institution which, however efficient, is deadening to individuals.

Belmont is managed by a Superintendent who has a certain number of officials under him, and a Welfare Officer who does what he can to get work for his charges, and arranges concerts, lectures, and such other amenities as are possible for them; and if the men wish to do so they attend classes in reading, writing and arithmetic, geography, and so on.

Besides the main building there is a smaller one for the younger men, who sleep there and have their meals together in their own dining room. Perhaps because it is much smaller the young men's building is a more cheerful and home-like place than the monster barrack in which the older men live. This is the only attempt at classification of inmates at Belmont, and the inevitable herding together of all sorts and conditions of men is to the writer's mind one of its worst features.

Decent young men from decent homes find themselves forced to live and sleep week after week with men who know the inside of prisons quite well, and men who in the past have lived by all manner of shady and unpleasant methods. Labour members of Public Assistance Sub-Committees have protested again and again against respectable young men being sent to the Residential Colony, but their protests are usually ignored. It does not appear to be admitted that it is unnatural to take adult men away from their homes and force them to live crowded together in a huge building. We are told that they have sufficient freedom and can come home for a week-end once a fortnight. This is true. In the evenings the men can go out into the town and amuse themselves in cinemas or public houses—if they have the money. But as the Superintendent says, "Of course, they have no money." They can go home once a fortnight and a voucher is given for their journey. Three shillings is added to the "out relief" to pay for their food.

Although Belmont has on the surface nothing to be ashamed of, visitors are not encouraged, largely because the men themselves object to "being made a show of." They feel that they are in a fundamentally unnatural and artificial position, and it cannot be otherwise. It is not surprising that one man thought himself very fortunate when his child developed chicken pox the day his week-end leave was up. Another child became hysterical when he thought his father had to go, and it was only by a piece of luck that the father—who had double hernia, and nearly wept every time he was told he ought to get work (which the Committee knew was well-nigh an impossibilty) was saved from going.

"A bit of materialised luck is all I want," as one man said when faced with the prospect of "Belmont or no relief." Many men do definitely refuse to go when it is first put to them by a Committee as a condition of relief. Frequently, after a week's thought, or a week's experience of "living on nothing," the man will come before the Sub-Committee again and say he "is ready to accept the conditions," which means Belmont. But recently it has been decided that a man, even if he has refused to go, can be relieved until an actual vacancy occurs, which often takes at least three weeks, as the place is crowded. If he refuses to go on the day when there is actually a place for him, then the only form of relief which the Committee can offer is the Institution, or the Workhouse, as many people still call it.

Another reason, and probably one of the most powerful, for the detestation with which Belmont is regarded by those who have to go there is the fact that when a man is told that, to use the jargon of committees, he is "marked up for R.T." he knows that it is an indeterminate sentence.

There are men now at Belmont who have been there for two years, with the usual week-end at home once a fortnight. The Public Assistance Committee of the London County Council excuse this indeterminate sentence by saying that the endeavour is in "the case of every man to train him to be self-supporting," though it is doubtful if two years at Belmont are more likely to train a man to be self-supporting than, possibly, nine months, and it may even result in a man's settling down into an apathetic resignation to being there for the rest of his life.

The majority of men, however, do everything they can to get away from the place, for long or short periods. Nearly all of them believe that being at Belmont is a drawback to getting any job that may possibly turn up; even though the Superintendent will let them out if they can produce any real evidence that there is a job for them. One of the most popular methods of escape is to say that the wife is pregnant and is too nervous to be left without her husband. Probably this is often true, but a Committee is very unwilling to believe it. A husband is always allowed home for a fortnight before his wife's confinement, though how that period of time is to be exactly known is supposed to be left to the district medical officer, and one imagines that it is made as elastic as possible.

Another method of escape is for the man, when he is home on his week-end leave, to convince the Relieving Officer that he has a chance of work, and then again to convince the Sub-Committee. But it is very difficult to convince either, because, no doubt, they have often been deluded in the past, and still are, for even Public Assistance Sub-Committees are not wholly dead to glimmers of optimism.

It is true that some work, such as a seaman's, takes a man away from home for long periods; but there is a great psychological difference, hardly perhaps realised until one experiences it, between going away for a real job which has to be done and going away because there is nothing to do.

No man, of course, cares to bring forward the simple fact that he does not want to leave his home and family. It is often cynically assumed by a Committee that "a wife is glad to get rid of her husband for a time," but it has also happened that men have been taken away from their homes at singularly cruel moments, when it has had a detrimental effect on the family as a whole. If a Chairman of a Sub-Committee is unimaginative or unsympathetic this must frequently happen. The power which Sub-Committees have of separating parents, and taking fathers away from their children, often when, if they are good fathers, they are most needed to help with their upbringing,

is immense and dangerous. Belmont should be admitted for what it is, a descendant of the old "Test Workhouse," a powerful deterrent to idle men who are quite ready to live parasitically. There are some of these, but their number is almost certainly smaller than is generally believed, and there is now a host of men at Belmont who do not fall into that category at all. For them Belmont is a piece of unnecessary cruelty, which may even help to prevent a man getting a job by taking him away from his market, the docks, the factories, and so on. For these men there are the non-residential centres which could well be extended and, good as they are, could be improved, especially on the educational side. But that is another story. T. L.

FOR POLICE PURPOSES ONLY

(*A fourteenth-century baron replies to a proposal for the total abolition of bombards.*)

O ABOLISH them by all means! I detest the wretched things.
Let us all go back to longbows or to arbalasts and slings.
How on earth can I sleep quietly when I know FitzBlank may slay
My retainers or myself in this ungentlemanly way?

Every night I dream of sieges and a crumbling castle wall,
And no doubt he does the same; we've no security at all.
Break them up then and forbid them! But, one private word with you—
Though I'll vote for their suppression, you must leave me one or two.

Not for warfare with my neighbours—we've forsworn all private hate—
But to save my charge in keepers for policing my estate.
Poachers, trespassers, and vagrants, idle rogues, and thieving boys,
Bombards are the things to scare them, with their goodly roaring noise.

You'll admit, as will the others, my extensive fief may claim
Some peculiar regard to preservation of the game.
If they don't—well, I'd be sorry if insistence on my rights
Made so sound a scheme a failure, left us dreading bloodier fights,

Harassed by the old suspicions, still unable to combine
In a pact for mutual safety—but the fault will not be mine.
All I ask is abolition of all bombards, small or great,
Save the few that I have need of, for policing my estate.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE DEFINITION OF AN AGGRESSOR

SIR,—The British Government's opposition to the proposed definition of an aggressor appears to be a serious obstacle to the success of the Disarmament Conference and to be based on unsound reasoning.

The definition proposed by the Security Sub-Committee of the Conference begins as follows:—"Article I. The aggressor in an international conflict shall, subject to the agreements in force between the parties to the dispute, be considered to be that State which is the first to commit any of the following actions:

(i) Declaration of war upon another State: or

(ii) invasion by its armed forces, with or without a declaration of war, of the territory of another State;"

The other items deal with "attack . . . on the territory, vessels, or aircraft of another State," naval blockade, and support to armed bands of invaders.

Article 2 says that "no political, economic or other considerations may serve as an excuse or justification for the aggression referred to in Article I."

Mr. Eden is reported as objecting that in "doubtful and difficult cases" "a definition of this sort was not only of doubtful utility, but might be positively injurious. There was no scope for any elasticity resulting from the circumstances of a particular case . . . The dispute might have resulted from a consistent policy of provocation or of pressure directed by a larger State against a smaller one; the large State might have consistently declined to submit the question at issue to any form of peaceful settlement."

Is it really the view of the Government that provocative policy by one State, or a refusal to submit to peaceful settlement, might excuse an injured State for resorting to invasion or declaring war? That would be a monstrous affirmation of anarchy. There are some acts which are *in no case* permissible, whatever the merits of a State's grievance may be, and to take the initiative in invasion must be one of them.

If Mr. Eden had confined himself to saying that such a list of definitions ought not to be taken as complete and exclusive, he would have been on sound ground. But to assert that there can be no minimum code of "thou shalt not" is to negative one of President Roosevelt's chief points, and to arm the French with another reason for fearing to disarm. Indeed, it must make every French friend of disarmament rage and despair at the sloppiness of some English minds. W. ARNOLD-FORSTER

39 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

THE CONDITION OF INDIA

SIR,—Mr. Wilson is inaccurate when he says that he asked me a plain question to which I gave no answer. What Mr. Wilson actually did was to charge me with a generalisation which I did not make, and to continue to do so even after I had pointed out to him that my statements referred to facts within the experience of my colleagues and myself—a part of my letter which he did not quote.

There is nothing in the statements that I have made which I wish to withdraw or modify. That neither Mr. Wilson nor anyone else has challenged any of the serious allegations which I have made is not without significance. The greater part of my facts can be verified by anyone by referring to any of the jail manuals of India.

I wish to add that my statements are based on several hundred statements taken from ex-prisoners by men who are accustomed to sift evidence in British law courts and on the personal experience of my colleagues and myself. We, one or other of the four of us on The India League delegation, saw the jails—under official restrictions—in four out of India's eight or nine provinces.

My letter, far from being an exaggeration of facts, was very much of an understatement of them, and I deliberately refrained even from such generalisations for which I had ample warrant.

One regrets that in spite of the revelations I have made and the character of my statement, the conditions to which I referred, for which British people have a direct responsibility, should have caused so little concern to British minds. Prisons in Spain or Cuba, or the chain gangs in America, have stirred British conscience to a far greater extent than British prisons in India.

The India League, V. K. KRISHNA MENON
146 Strand, W.C.2.

SLUM CLEARANCE

SIR,—It is generally assumed that it is the intention of the Government to maintain the 1930 Act subsidy for the period of the five year programme which the Local Authorities are asked to submit by the end of September. This may be a very rash assumption indeed. It would have been so easy to state this in straightforward terms that one can only suspect a trap in the phraseology of Circular 1331 which says (par. 10, Rate of Subsidy): "The present rate of Exchequer subsidy under the Housing Act, 1930, *has been* maintained as an inducement to local authorities, etc." The italics are mine, and I ask why "has been" appears in the paragraph instead of "will be"? Some light on the answer to this query may be afforded by Sir Hilton Young's statement in the Housing Debate in the House of Commons, December 15th, 1932: "A strong case has been made by the Ray Committee on local expenditure for the reduction of the subsidy for slum clearance. Financially perhaps it is justified. I do not ask the House to reduce that subsidy. I would not discourage the local authorities in the attack upon the slums in which we are inviting them to take part. A bigger subsidy is an impetus: let us leave the impetus as strong as we can. It may be that in the future we shall find more clearance done by reducing the subsidy and spreading it over a wider area. The smaller the subsidy, the fewer houses you get cleared. Let us keep the

subsidy at the present figure until we get the forces of the local authorities concentrated in a fresh effort on the slums, *and then there will be an opportunity for reviewing the amount of the subsidy later*." (Italics again mine.)

It remains to say that the 1930 Act subsidy comes up for review in October, 1933, *after* the local authorities (poor fishes) have presented their five year programmes of Slum Clearance.

Mousehold Lane, H. PALMER,
Norwich. Chairman, Norwich Housing Committee

KEY INSURANCE

SIR,—In further reference to the Insurance Supplement supplied with your last issue I should like to give a word of warning to women with regard to Key Insurance.

For some years the organisation for which I work has insured the official keys carried by members of the staff. A woman member inadvertently left her handbag in a Manchester Corporation bus a few months ago and had to pay 10*s*. for its return. The Insurance Company refused to meet any part of that fine or reward on the ground that the keys were lost in a bag and that the bag contained money. Any person of common sense knows that a business woman's keys are always carried in a handbag which will always contain money, and I should like to urge those contemplating key insurance to ascertain the rules. Some companies do not exclude keys lost in handbags, but we were unfortunate and should have gone on paying but for the lucky ill-luck which revealed the snag. IDA M. COWLEY

Eastcote, Delahays Road,
Hale, Cheshire.

A MONUMENT TO CHRISTIANITY

SIR,—The Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals came into being with a flourish of trumpets that could hardly have been more flamboyant if it had heralded a new (and therefore better) creation. Progress was being impeded as much by the too-diffused energies of its apostles as by the mediaeval obscurantism of people like myself. The Federation would alter all that: energy, instead of being wasted, would be directed and controlled; the Federation would be the efficient and necessary midwife to make easy the birth of the New Order.

I am glad to see that it has set about its task. Its Town and Country Planning Group having considered the projected building of a new Catholic Cathedral in Liverpool, seriously doubts the wisdom of the scheme. It can think of only two reasons for the building of the Cathedral; either it is being built to spite the Anglicans, or it is designed to relieve unemployment in the building industry. The first reduces it to the level of suburban millinery; the second to a work scheme.

There is, however, a third reason for the building of the Cathedral which, while entirely adequate to me and my kind, has apparently never entered the head of Mr. Dudding and his. It is being raised to the honour and glory of God, and as a fitting temple for His worship.

I know that Lancashire's slums are terrible, that for three generations they have exacted an awful holocaust of my people. I do not require Mr. Dudding to point out their existence; the knowledge is in my blood. But the Duddings of the past raised no finger to help us; the "progressives" of three generations past drove us into the cellars and the darkness, and if we have struggled into the light we, under God, can thank ourselves.

In our exultant joy we are striving to raise a worthy temple to God. We, the poor, are squandering the precious ointment when we might be using it to obtain funds for our better housing. Mr. Dudding suggests that out of the wages of our slavery we purchase freedom. We know a better way; we shall take it!

174 Mill Lane, EAMON MACCATHMHAOIL
St. Helen's, Lancs.

PUBLIC SCHOOL RELIGION

SIR,—The Rev. W. Force Stead feels that in reviewing his contribution to Mr. Lunn's book I have misunderstood him. If I have done so I can assure him that the misunderstanding was unwitting. The position as I saw it was this. Mr. Lunn, having written an indictment of the teaching of religion to young middle and upper class Englishmen, asked some of those responsible for it to reply to him. This a number set out to do, and your correspondent begins his contribution by telling us that he sees "a great deal that can be said in favour of public school religion, which Mr. Lunn omits, or denies," among others. My criticism was that, despite his official position as defendant, he then proceeds to make most of Mr. Lunn's points for him. He now suggests that he knew that he was doing this; but, if so, I cannot quite see the point of his contribution to the book.

He accuses me of supposing that he deduces the comparative nearness of young university men to Christianity from their confession that they liked singing hymns together in the school chapel; but this is surely the natural construction for me to place upon a passage which, concluding with the sentence "Nevertheless, they are nearer to being Christians than they know; they are good-hearted fellows and I like them," contains absolutely no evidence of religious thought or activity, except a feeling that God must be to blame for the state of the world and the pleasure taken in hymn-singing in chapel. I imagine that it would involve a degree of Modernism beyond the reach of your correspondent to deduce the young men's nearness to Christianity from their dissatisfaction with God, and there seems to be nothing left but the hymn singing.

Your correspondent "Public School Boy" does not seem to understand the meaning of words. I do not, for example, suggest that the Roman Catholic Church "has a monopoly of dogma"—merely that it has dogma. "Here are unblushingly dogma, are intolerance, are heresy hunting" were my words. It is incredible that in the light of recent events anybody should either suppose, or should suppose that I suppose, that they are to be found nowhere else.

Again, I nowhere imply that I hold the view that "Dogma must be wrong"; I suggest merely that a dogma cannot be known to be right. If we know that a belief is right it becomes a truth, not a dogma.

He deplores my "disgustingly cynical and sceptical attitude to Church life." But is it after all I that am cynical? Mr. Lunn's point is that, if Christianity is true, it is the most important truth in the world. I agree with Mr. Lunn that, if it were, it would be; but unlike him I do not think it is true in most of what it asserts. The Churches, which do, by the admission of their own apologists, in this book turn out "sportsmen" and "gentlemen" rather than Christians. Why should it be cynical to point this out but not cynical to do it?

Finally, he regrets that I have never been taught anything about hell. This is uncomplimentary to Mr. Lunn, who devoted a substantial part of his half of our recent joint book, *Is Christianity True?* to doing his best to teach me. But unless it is to be interpreted as a resort to the traditional Christian method of browbeating people into agreeing with you by threatening them with the physical torments which the God of Love will inflict on them if they don't, I fail to see the relevance of his regret.

Hampstead, N.W.3. C. E. M. JOAD

A PROTEST

SIR,—May I be allowed a word in your paper on a matter that concerns other writers beside myself? In a brief review last week of a book by Burton Rascoe, entitled *Titans of Literature*, your critic quoted a eulogistic comment on Mr. Rascoe by myself. That comment was made by me, I believe, some fifteen years ago in America, when Mr. Rascoe was bravely and honestly defending the newer American literature.

No hint is apparently given by the publishers of *Titans of Literature*, a work that I have not seen, that this was a quotation made by me long ago, in connection with a very different subject. I gather from the quotations made by your critic that Mr. Rascoe is a very different authority on European literature from the man who once gallantly defended Cabell, Hergesheimer and Sinclair Lewis in 1919, and it is, I think, unfair to myself that I should be cited in support of a work that I have never seen and should, if I am to judge from your reviewer's extracts, greatly dislike.

Brackenburn, HUGH WALPOLE
Manesty Park, Keswick.

THE DANGER OF SPEED

SIR,—In reply to Mr. T. C. Foley, the Secretary of the Pedestrians' Association, my remedies are not sufficiently simple to admit of statement in a brief letter; and I am not sufficiently cocksure to believe that the road situation has already been adequately analysed. But if he sincerely desires to know what my constructive ideas are, I am in general agreement with Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman's article in the May issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, under the title "Wanted—A Road Traffic Policy."

Mr. Foley will discover in that article one of several considerations brought forward by the police which led to the abolition of the speed limit, namely, that in the metropolitan area very few fatal accidents occur except *at speeds of less than twenty miles an hour*, and that the largest percentage occur in London *at less than ten miles an hour*.

If he will digest these figures he may be more prepared to permit that many of us motorists are at least as humane and disturbed as the Pedestrians' Association. R. E. DAVIDSON

H. W. NEVINSON

SIR,—Fifty years have passed since H. W. Nevinson began his literary career by writing his first book, a scholarly study of Herder. Through this half-century of incessant work and adventure he has endeared himself to countless friends and readers, who loved the knight-errant and admired the literary craftsman. Often in pain and at the risk of life, in tropical jungles and on the field of battle, he has served the enslaved and the oppressed. Seldom have gifts so rare been used with such disinterestedness on behalf of those who could not speak their thanks. We believe that many will wish to join us in expressing our gratitude and our regard at a luncheon which it is proposed to hold in his honour on Friday, June 30th, at the Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus. Tickets, price 4s. 6d., may be obtained from Miss Neal, Walter House, 52 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2.

NORMAN ANGELL.	HAROLD LASKI.
NORMAN BENTWICH.	J. MASEFIELD.
H. N. BRAILSFORD.	NOEL-BUXTON.
JOHN BUCHAN.	EMMELINE PETHICK-LAWRENCE.
W. P. CROZIER.	S. K. RATCLIFFE.
J. L. GARVIN.	ELIZABETH ROBINS.
IAN HAMILTON.	GEORGE W. RUSSELL ("AE").
BARBARA HAMMOND.	WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN.
J. L. HAMMOND.	TEJ BAHADUR SAPRU.
J. A. HOBSON.	R. VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS.
JULIAN HUXLEY.	OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.
N. M. JOSHI.	CHAIM WEIZMAN.
GEORGE LANSBURY.	H. G. WELLS.

"THE SOUL OF JAPAN"

SIR,—I wish to thank you for the review of my book, *The Soul of Japan*, appearing in a recent issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The original was published in French in 1927 and I wish to make it plain that if I had to rewrite the book I should certainly modify its conclusions. I am passionately opposed to Japanese Imperialism and blame most energetically the present action of Japan with regard to Manchuria and China. I should be pleased if you could find an opportunity of making known to your readers my present opinion on this point.

11 Bis Rue Thiers, FÉLICIEN CHALLAYE
Le Vésinet (S. & O.).

BURKE'S PEERAGE

SIR,—Your issue of March 25th last contains on page 394 a short notice of *Burke's Peerage*, which states: "Thus, if one requires to find out all the living relatives of a peer, one should turn to *Debrett*; if one wants his genealogy, one should look in *Burke*."

I should point out that *Burke* does give not only the genealogies of all peers and baronets, but makes a special feature of including all available and obtainable information as to every person who is or has been in remainder, however remotely, to those titles.

E. M. SWINHOE, Editor.

THE FUR CRUSADE

SIR,—I am glad to be able to report that this campaign, which is now world-wide, is making good progress. Its object, as most of your readers know, is to inform people of the great cruelty involved in getting many furs, and also to let them know by means of a White List which skins have entailed a minimum of suffering.

I was glad to hear last week that one international paper is seriously considering refusing all advertisements for furs unless they are on the White List.

I particularly want to strike a blow at cruel rabbit trapping before the next season begins. Over fifty millions are tortured in steel-toothed traps and snares in England every year for food. Three-quarters of these could easily be caught in long nets, if people can only be induced to adopt them. Hitherto, long nets seem to have been almost entirely the poachers' monopoly. Other efficient and humane traps have recently been invented for all vermin, which should render the use of the steel-toothed type, which breaks the bone and lacerates the flesh, no longer necessary. I now have a special leaflet describing these new devices with illustrations. May I hope that your readers will help me with this propaganda? C. VAN DER BYL (Major)

Wappenham Ho, Towcester, Northants. Founder of the Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign

Miscellany

"POOR" BERLIOZ!

I SAY "poor" Berlioz taking the words from one of the critics of the *Times* who, after a recent performance, compared Berlioz's *Symphonic Fantastique* unfavourably with Mr. William Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast*; and I am afraid Mr. Walton's reputation may never recover from this blow. He may take heart, however, from the fact that he is in highly respected company, the company of Wagner and Gounod, for example, who are also preferred by many critics and most audiences throughout the world to Berlioz. "Poor" Berlioz! Not only the *Times* but the Oxford History of Music treats him scurvily. Few of the professors or critics have anything but a series of faint damns for him; it is only some musicians and music-lovers who persistently perform and enjoy his music.

Yet the production of *La Damnation de Faust* this week at Covent Garden, under Sir Thomas Beecham, made a far greater impression upon me than the whole of the "Ring," than *Parsifal* and *Tristan und Isolde*, to say nothing of Strauss's *Rosenkavalier*. Is this to be ascribed to mere cussedness, anti-Wagnerism, or just sheer personal stupidity? If one found oneself absolutely alone in one's attitude one might be compelled to think one was musically deficient, immature or eccentric, but I am not alone in my attitude to Berlioz. On the contrary, I have many good musicians in England and abroad in my company and fortified by this knowledge I intend to try to give reasons for the overwhelming effect Berlioz's great work produced on me and also try to explain for the benefit of those who do not yet enjoy his music the causes for its lack of popularity compared with music often far inferior in conception and expression; for example, the music of Richard Wagner.

Berlioz claimed, "I have taken up music where Beethoven laid it down," and the Oxford History of Music says: "After more than half a century of controversy it is by no means easy to estimate the value or to gauge the genuineness of his claims." Here I must stress the uniqueness of Berlioz's situation in the history of music. There is no other composer who occupies his anomalous position. But the Oxford History goes on to settle the question once for all, and this is its typically academic method of settling it. Three questions are asked:

(1) Were his conceptions formed in harmony with the conditions of musical art?

(2) Did his methods of composition do justice to his conception?

(3) Is his style convincing?

And it comes to the conclusion that the answer "mainly in the negative may now be given with some hope of general acceptance." I don't think the most hostile critic could hold that I had ever disposed of Wagner so summarily. Now, let us put some other questions and answer them before we examine the questions put by the Oxford History. I will frame two:

(1) Were his conceptions original in the fullest sense of that word?

The answer to this will be a universal "yes," including even a "yes" from the Oxford History of Music.

(2) How do we know they are original? i.e., Do they *sound* original?

The answer to this will also be a universal "yes."

Now, I contend that logically there is no escape from the conclusion that if the answers to these two questions are "yes," then the answers to all three questions of the Oxford History must also be "yes." If a man's musical conceptions are original, and if all can *hear* that they are original, then it follows:

(1) That his conceptions are formed in harmony with the conditions of musical art—otherwise they would not be intelligible to the ear and could not be defined as "original."

(2) That his methods of composition do justice to his conception—from the fact that he succeeds in expressing his originality.

(3) That his style is convincing—because we can immediately recognise its originality.

The truth is, the Oxford History is just here expressing the usual academic nonsense with which professors hide their general lack of the authentic sensibility of the artist in talking or writing about any art. Their approach is almost invariably a merely intellectual one. They really know nothing about creative art. Those who listen to music or read poetry—with a few notable exceptions such as Professor A. E. Housman—are merely recognising intellectually various syntactical, grammatical and rhythmical forms which they have been taught. When they listen aesthetically it is with the immaturity of the average public audience but with less innocence. Therefore, what they say and write about music may be put straight into the dustbin by the reader with a good conscience. As against all this rigmarole from the Oxford History of Music, let me put a few words by Berlioz himself, which the Oxford History calls "peculiar":

"La musique . . . agit dans la sphère qui lui est propre, c'est-a-dire sur des êtres chez lesquels le sens musical existe réellement." (Music acts in the sphere which is proper to it, that is, on those beings in whom the musical sense truly exists.) Unfortunately those in whom the musical sense truly exists rarely write about it. Also, we have to remember that the musical sense of the average music-lover is by no means as highly developed as is that of a great composer. Also, perhaps, even great composers differ among themselves in the nature and extent of their musical sense. And now, after these preliminaries, I will try to express what I find in *La Damnation de Faust* and why I think that it alone would justify Berlioz's claim that he had taken up music where Beethoven laid it down.

And to begin with it may be asserted that the theatre is the proper place for the performance of *La Damnation de Faust*, since it is quite clear that Berlioz only arranged it as an *opera de concert* in order to secure its public performance. The whole conception and execution are essentially dramatic, and one can, for example, only fully realise the extraordinary effect of the famous *Danse des Sylphes* in its proper place as a ballet during the scene by the banks of the Elbe (Act I, Scene III), when Faust in dream sees Marguerite. A piece like the *Danse des Sylphes* is commonly regarded just as a piece of orchestral virtuosity. It is played in the concert hall and offers on every such occasion further opportunity for trite remarks about Berlioz as a master of orchestration. Actually, when we hear the *Danse des Sylphes* as and where Berlioz conceived it we discover that it is a conception of the highest imaginative quality of the kind that Shakespeare gives us in such a play as *The Tempest*. In fact, Berlioz, both in his qualities and his seeming defects is more nearly akin to Shakespeare than is any other creative musician.

In saying this I am not making any literary comparisons or suggesting that Berlioz's music is in any sense more literary than that of other composers. Berlioz's music is pure music, more purely musical than that of Wagner, for example, who has such a tendency towards prose rhythms. What I mean by the affinity with Shakespeare is that Berlioz's musical genius has that universal quality and that extraordinary imaginative sensitiveness which characterises Shakespeare's poetic genius. Another common characteristic is the exquisite fineness of their conceptions. Berlioz's treatment of the Faust legend is on an altogether higher plane than the almost musical-comedy conception of Gounod. There are no concessions to vulgar taste, no sentimental effects, no cheapness or banality anywhere. The music to *La Damnation de Faust* is of an extraordinary subtlety, finesse and distinction, both maginatively and sensuously. Faust's meditation in the fields in the beautiful Prologue is of a sober and profound beauty that does not hit an ear vulgarised by the usual banalities of opera or drama. And with a Shakespearean aplomb, vivacity, and daring disregard for the formal conventions of drama, Berlioz puts the meditation in the fields of Hungary because "I wanted to let you hear a piece of instrumental music which has a Hungarian theme." Superb effrontery of genius! Or rather, let us more truly describe it as the creative instinct functioning by the grace of God, for this Rakoczy March, effective as it is in the concert hall, is just one million times more thrilling in the drama.

The music given to Marguerite is one of the most convincing examples of Berlioz's greatness. It is so utterly different from the usual operatic lyricism that its first effect may even be disappointing. But how it grows upon one! It is of such extraordinary purity and truthfulness that here again one immediately thinks of Shakespeare. Berlioz achieves a similar quality in the wonderful apotheosis chorus of blessed spirits. How Wagner would have vulgarised this for the sake of cheap effects, but how much more profound and moving is Berlioz's treatment! Again, in the treatment of Mephistopheles Berlioz shows his superior quality in eschewing everything commonplace. There is nothing of the cheap villain of melodrama in this intellectual devil but something genuinely diabolic. What Berlioz can do in this realm is absolutely unique; his Ride to Hell and the chorus of Demons and Damned in scene three of the third act made even a Covent Garden audience rise in their seats with excitement. Finally, in this brief notice I would draw attention to Faust's meditation on nature in the third act, which, as a piece of pure profound metaphysical music would alone justify Berlioz's claim with regard to Beethoven.

W. J. TURNER

A DIRECTOR AND A STAR

AFTER a painfully long period of fasting, audiences will now have two very interesting new films on which to feed, and films of a totally different kind. *The Lucky Number* is English of the English. All the acting, all the setting, all the humour is emphatically English. *Don Quixote* is as cosmopolitan as a film could well be. Russians, Germans, English and Americans, in a setting which tries to be Spanish, mingle together in an effort to produce a picture worthy of the subject. In treatment, too, they are poles asunder. Asquith has endeavoured to make a film in which the actors, competent as they are, fit into a whole which is greater than its parts, in which, in fact, the film and the mind behind the film, and not the star, is the thing. If we go to *The Lucky Number* we shall go to admire Asquith, both for his visual and mental qualities; while if we go to *Don Quixote* we shall go, though Pabst's name appears upon the play-bill, for no other reason than to be overwhelmed by Chaliapin. For *Don Quixote* is not a very good film—is in truth hardly a film at all—though there are some very pretty photographs of the country behind the Riviera. Save when Mr. Robey is there to support his master the acting and character-drawing, except for Chaliapin, is beneath notice. The dialogue never transcends the banal. But Chaliapin is terrific as the tragic, the tremendous Quixote, as one-half of nature. It is not necessary that he should ever sing: perhaps it is even a pity that he does so: it may be that he should remain completely silent. But as an actor, as the incarnation of an ideal, he is purifying like a bath of saltpetre. You leave the theatre purged by pity and terror, intent on leading a better life, or whatever may be your reactions to a great experience. The spectacle of the lean, shabbily armoured figure riding along the dusty highway is one of incomparable grandeur. The futility of the minor

characters becomes almost advantageous, as it serves to isolate the one man's greatness, as Osric isolates Hamlet. The court and the peasants, the impercipient persecutors of the Don, the victims of common sense, are nothing but the children of a meaner birth. *Don Quixote* is a triumph for the genius of a single man.

Asquith demands no such aids. Mr. Clifford Mollison, as the footballer hero, acts with the vivacity we all expect of him. Mr. Gordon Harker is utterly delightful as a public-house keeper. But we are in touch all the time with the mind behind them. If we are interested in *The Lucky Number*, it is because we are interested in Asquith, or if we are not altogether satisfied, it is because of the story. There is an intentional repetition in the theme of the hero's continually unsuccessful attempts to raise 5*s.* to buy back a lottery ticket which convicts the director, quite unfairly, of inventive poverty—unfairly because his accompanying fantasies are always various, graceful and imaginative. I do not mention Clair in connection with this picture because of a chance resemblance in theme, but because in this picture Asquith is English, as Clair, in his pictures, is French. Clair gains his amazing sense of reality by making his characters more typically and utterly French even than the originals, whereas English directors have generally tried to make their points by a rather maddening caricature, by a monstrous overstressing of the comic element. It is Clair's understatement that is so French about him. But like Clair, Asquith is too intelligent to shout at us, and his characters, too, obtain life by a more silent approach to reality. From the slum-boys in the first sequence, who climb a lamp-post to cheer their favourite footballer, upwards to the hero and the heroine, we are in touch with the familiar life of the streets; for Asquith is willing to be contented with the facts. Hence when he does frankly pass over into a fantastic world with his Jewish pawnbroker, naturalised Scotch and called Macdonald, the change from the normal to the grotesque gets its full value. The incidents of the story, save for a few touches of *surréaliste* dissociation, are, though possible, improbable enough and gain their value from the sensible realism of the *décor*—the football field, the dogs, the fun fair. Hence the divagations are always divagations from real life. One might not think that there was any great cause for congratulation here. But when one remembers the noisy or excessive strain of most British film humour, the civilised note of *The Lucky Number* is not only an immense relief, but full of encouragement for the future. *The Lucky Number* does not set out to appeal to fools; it does not bellow at the top of its voice. It is not sentimental, didactic nor facetious. Yet though its appeal is always intelligent it bases itself on the life of the common man, the football field, the dogs, the fun fair. Hence it can never be priggish, and is to be commended above all things for its Humanism. It joins on to the European tradition, which is equally remote from the heaviness of Hollywood, and the uncivilised provincialism of so much English film work. At the end of *The Lucky Number* you love Britain all the more for not having had "Buy British" thrust down your throat the whole time. With this picture an Englishman has joined the European family.

FRANCIS BIRRELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Withdrawn?

If Mr. Cochran has not changed his plans the day this paper appears (Friday) and the day following are the last chances of seeing a remarkable performance. It has been announced that *Wild Decembers* is to come off after a week's run ending Saturday night. The play is admirably acted, acted with sympathy and passion. How essential these qualities are in representing the story of the Brontës can be imagined; how rare, playgoers know. Miss Clemence Dane's work is biography made visible. The three acts are divided into five scenes. She has to get into them the Brontë isolation, the Brontë struggle for self-expression, the contrast between Charlotte and Emily, Charlotte's heart-tragedy and its solution—and death, death, death. She succeeds. Apparently the public have not been sufficiently interested in that success—perhaps they do not know the story of the Brontës well enough to perceive it; perhaps the transitions perplex them, also the mixture of funeral-bells and wedded-love at the end. Though the actors were called last Monday seven times, a pause was noticeable when the last curtain fell, due partly to emotion but also to bewilderment—"Can that be all?"—"What a strange end!" Then, at last, they applauded. And no wonder. Miss Diana Wynyard is far too pretty to represent Charlotte to the eye, but she does so to the mind and heart. She slurs nothing of the censorious governess in Charlotte, here and there artistically adopting deliberately a tense, ungraceful manner, significant of an ungracious acerbity which was part of Charlotte. Miss Beatrix Lehman supplied a genuine intensity in the part of Emily, without which such a part can be only a travesty. And the two sisters were admirably supported in their scenes by Mr. Emlyn Williams as Branwell and Mr. Ralph Richardson as Nichols; while Mr. Marcus Barron's demeanour and appearance as the Rev. Patrick Brontë were irreproachable. Going, going—gone! There is a last-minute chance of seeing the Brontës in scenes which may colour and vivify your conceptions of them ever afterwards.

Farce at the Queen's

Spendlove Hall is a nice, old-fashioned evening's entertainment, with a country seat converted into a film studio to give it an up-to-date flavour. In places it is farce at its most uproarious, in other places it is just farce, and at times it is even rather heavy going. But Sydney Fairbrother and Davy Burnaby provide a good deal of fun when the author fails to do so. He has put most of the humour into the second act, so the play warms up and then cools off again; but the second act is quite worth waiting for, and worth laughing over again afterwards. And he has not forgotten the rules of the game and made the mistake of letting his characters or situations become probable, or even possible.

Central School of Arts and Crafts

In the exhibition of students' work at the Central School in Southampton Row you can find anything from a child's toy in the shape of a miniature roundabout that plays a tune to a well-designed living-room chair. Enterprising manufacturers would do well to pay it a visit, whether to find new talent or merely to pick up tips. There is a pleasing freedom from artiness about the exhibits. The designs on the block-printed fabrics, for instance, are excellent; but the fabrics also hang well and they are printed in fast colours. Here and elsewhere in the exhibition the designs are original without being loud or self-consciously "modern." There is not much pure painting and drawing shown, but etchings and lithographs have an important place and are highly efficient. Perhaps the most pleasing exhibit, partly on account of the tendency it shows, is A. M. Booker's decorative panel, a curious concoction of various materials, including lace and birds' feathers. It is scarcely good art, but it is highly diverting and a welcome change from the all-too-serious and all-too-dull productions of some schools of art, where this type of serio-comedy, the performance of which is so obviously enjoyed, is not encouraged except in off-moments or at "socials."

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 2nd—
Annual Exhibition. L.C.C. School of Arts and Crafts. Southampton Row, W.C. Till June 24.
"Otello," Covent Garden, 8.

SATURDAY, June 3rd—
Greek Dance Association in Dances of Ancient Greece. Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
"The Watched Pot," A.D.C., Cambridge.

MONDAY, June 5th—
"Otello," Covent Garden, 8.
Royal Choral Society, "Hiawatha," Albert Hall, 8.

TUESDAY, June 6th—
"Clear All Wires," Garrick Theatre.
Argentina, Savoy Theatre. And on June 7th.
"Don Carlos," Covent Garden, 8.

WEDNESDAY, June 7th—
Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence on "Women and Fascism," 25 Wimpole St., 8
Miss Roza Van Gelderen on "Parentally Deficient Children," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 8.
"Aida," Covent Garden, 8.

THURSDAY, June 8th—
Royal Horse Show, Richmond.
"La Damnation de Faust," Covent Garden, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE publication of *The Bridge of Dreams*, by Lady Murasaki (*Allen and Unwin*, 10s. 6d.), completes Mr. Waley's magnificent translation of *The Tale of Genji*. The six volumes have appeared over a period of eight years, but the translation must have taken at least ten; for persistent scholarship and minute research have been called for on almost every page. All this would have been without value, and the greatness and beauty of the original would have remained hidden from us, had it not been for the extraordinary freshness and vitality of the English. It is impossible for the translator engaged on such a colossal task not to feel fatigue, and the usual defences against such a flagging are mannerisms and habits of style which become mechanical. But here everything is fresh; sometimes the sentences are a little loosely constructed, but they seem to have been spoken impromptu, to have flashed out while the meaning was intensely felt.

* * *

It might be assumed that I am one of the faithful who have read every volume immediately it appeared, but I must confess that I found volume four rather wearisome and did not buy a copy of volume five. But it is to those who have fallen by the way that I would speak, for the wise company of devoted readers do not need to be reminded of the extraordinary charm of the world into which we are plunged so intimately. The fascination of the book is that we are taken right out of our own civilisation into one in which we at once feel completely *at home*. This feeling of being at home in a perfectly strange environment is not only due to the fact that Murasaki continually reminds us of familiar things in European literature, but because she is a woman whose one absorbing interest is the love affairs of men and women and that she has a complete understanding of them. That is her subject: everything is subsidiary in interest to the origin, progress and emotions of the rather fleeting love-affair. Moreover, she had a complete understanding of the feelings of the men she wrote about.

It is because she makes us feel so much at home in her world that she is always reminding us of other authors. In a passage upon Murasaki's affinities as a writer, Mr. Waley says:

> Her book is indeed like those caves, common in a certain part of Spain, in which as one climbs from chamber to chamber, the natural formation of the rock seems in succession to assume a semblance to every known form of sculpture—here a figure from Chartres, there a Buddha from Yun-Kang, a Persian conqueror, a Byzantine ivory. That such should be the impression that Murasaki's book makes on us remains surprising only if we cling to the false conception of human development as a ladder to a particular rung of which every civilisation must at any given moment have attained. On the contrary a civilisation is a mosaic.

But though passages may remind one forcibly of other authors in this way, the book as a whole seems to me to have very few true affinities in literature. Murasaki is far more like women one has met than her work is like books one has read.

* * *

The last volume is, in my opinion, much the best of them all, though there are none of the delightful comic incidents in which Murasaki excels. Its great merit is that it is not a mere collection of anecdotes that she gives us here but a balanced story with a unity of subject. She is less romantic and seems to have a greater knowledge of men's feelings as well as greater powers as an artist. In this closing volume her subject is really fidelity in love. Naturally it is not the strict fidelity of a Vicar of Wakefield for his wedded spouse that she celebrates, but the faithfulness of a Prince to an illusion, to a vision of the mind. The readers of *The Lady of the Boat* will remember that her hero Kaoru (wrongly reputed Genji's illegitimate son) was in love with Agemaki, who felt it more appropriate that he should marry her sister Kozeri. But Kaoru refused and introduced his friend Niou, who married Kozeri. After Agemaki's death, Kaoru fell in love with Kozeri, but by then it was too late. The present volume describes his finding a re-incarnation of his ideal in Ukifune, a half-sister of Agemaki's who has been brought up in the provinces. He carries her off and establishes her at Agemaki's old home in the mountains, where she is discovered and seduced by Niou. But so strongly is the family likeness stressed that one sees these three women, through Kaoru's eyes, as imperfect realisations of an ideal to which he is always faithful. And even Niou himself, who is notorious for his casual love-affairs, falls deeply in love with Ukifune for the same reason—that she is another aspect of his wife. Moreover, when they believe Ukifune is dead, both Niou and Kaoru are drawn to a cousin of hers who has just come to court in a subordinate position because they hope to find an aspect of Ukifune in her. I do not know that an intensely strong attraction to a series of sisters has been so well drawn anywhere in literature. Probably the strange taboos of the Old Testament are the explanation why this subject has not been adopted in European art, though it is referred to in a quite natural way in the lines:

> So I kissed her
> Little sister
> And forgot my Clementine.

If for the last line one substitutes the words: "and remembered my Agemaki," you have Murasaki's subject. But it is naturally not in the faintest degree a facetious one as it is in European references, but intensely moving. Moreover, jealousy between the sisters does not come in. We see it from the man's point of view.

* * *

Here is the description of Kaoru's carrying off Ukifune which gives the essence of this painful and beautiful emotion.

> And even Kaoru, happy though he was, could not, as past one familiar corner after another they drove on into the autumn hills, wholly banish from his mind those autumn journeys of long ago; and a mist rose before his eyes. Soon his long sleeves, hanging at the carriage side, were so wet—for coils of dank morning mist were rising from the stream—that the bright scarlet of his under-robe showed through the flowery pattern of his mantle. Presently there came so sharp a drop in the road that the sleeves dangled into his view, and he hastened to retrieve them, murmuring to himself as he did so the verse: "Short was my happiness, for soon the mists of unforgotten autumns rose between, and swelled my sleeves with dew." . . . When at last they arrived at Uji he had all the while the feeling that Agimaki was there watching him, and it was strange to find himself inwardly arguing with the invisible presence—protesting that this was not the mere light-hearted adventure that it seemed. "It is for you, you only, that I have come," he whispered to himself again and again.

* * *

The thing which Murasaki cares for most in men and which she excels in describing in her heroes, is the strange aura of reputation which attaches to them. Her men are not just astonishingly handsome aristocrats of the greatest charm and refinement, they are celebrated for these qualities. Strange ladies like Ukifune's mother, peeping at them for a moment through a screen and seeing their physical bodies wonder: "Can this indeed be he?" And then the physical sight is, as it were, partly obscured and partly reinforced by recognising that they are justly celebrated. The great reputation is wafted, together with a cloud of most exquisite perfume, through the screen to the eager nostrils. It is like meeting Lord Byron; but as society was so small and people's position depended almost entirely on birth, there was no trace of the vulgarity which attaches to notoriety in western countries. One of the most amusing passages comes from an attack upon Niou's tremendous reputation by the old nurse:

> Prince he may be, and I don't know what else besides, but it's not in this part of the house that he belongs, and if you're to be friends with a gentleman, good or bad, he'd better at least be some one outside the family . . . I don't mind telling you the way he carried on seemed to me for all the world like any ordinary fellow making up to a girl. *I* couldn't see any difference, anyway!

The Bridge of Dreams is a most beautiful and worthy ending to one of the great books of the world. DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Hardy Perennial. By HELEN HULL. *Cobden - Sanderson.* 7s. 6d.
Hostages to Fortune. By ELIZABETH CAMBRIDGE. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Family Reunion. By JANET CURREN OWEN. *Harpers.* 7s. 6d.
Describe a Circle. By MARTIN HARE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
The Plebeian's Progress. By FRANK TILSLEY. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Grand Canary. By A. J. CRONIN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Dogs in modern fiction are always detestable. When the heroine has nothing better to do, or the stream of her interior monologue is temporarily dammed—women novelists are most prolific of canine accessories—she rushes to her wardrobe, seizes a hat and sets off on a brisk walk with her faithful terrier. There is a dog in Miss Hull's *Hardy Perennial*; I mention the fact, because the dog and the part it plays is characteristic of a certain something about the book—otherwise, it is competent and well-observed—that detracts from its interest as a work of literature. The narrative is a trifle fussy and over-dressed; such an abundance of irrelevant, though pleasing, detail—Mrs. Prescott's delphinium-blue georgette, the "fine platinum studs" in her husband's shirt-front, her bouncing dog, the cut flowers in bowls and vases—gives the story a rather finicking and feminine air. Yet the heroine is not so shadowy a personage—she *does* exist, in spite of her surroundings—as to need these adventitious "bits of colour."

The scene is laid in America, after the slump. Horace Prescott, apparently a successful publicist, enamoured of his own charm and mundane distinction, lives with one eye upon the looking-glass and with but half an eye for his wife and grown-up children. They are supers in the mighty drama of a Career . . . Cornelia sees through the exuberant Horace, realises that he is fatuous and conceited, and that his mirror-world is a fragile refuge from reality, yet continues to love and support him to the very end. Her state of mind is described with considerable delicacy; the creaking mechanism of Horace's renowned "charm"—he moves rapidly from *hubris* towards *ate*, from blithe arrogance to the pitfalls of infatuation—is delineated through the eyes of his domestic Cassandra. Habit and sexual loyalty have sealed her lips; inwardly, she prophesies the hero's doom.

Still, she is rich enough to break her heart in an expensive flat. The protagonist of *Hostages to Fortune*, the wife of an English doctor with a country practice, has little time for the development of leisurely grievances, since her day passes amid a turmoil of babies and bills. It is a solid, honest book, though somewhat depressing. Four distinguished women novelists, who have grouped themselves as fairy godmothers round the story's cradle, furnish "advance opinions" of its literary worth. All four are enthusiastic, even excited. Obviously, here is a novel that will appeal to women more immediately—and more intimately—than it will to men, except to those men who enjoy girding on a nurse's apron. Its effect is almost painfully *terre à terre*. Children are born, children are fed, children are bathed. Catherine remonstrates with little Audrey—in the calm, controlled manner of the modern parent—wipes her mouth and tells her not to thump on the table; whereat, Audrey raises her spoon and thumps again. . . Catherine's husband is a dull, but worthy, fellow; Catherine writes a novel which is never published; the children grow larger and more alien; it is all indubitably, excruciatingly, "like life."

Yet the dreary cycle provides its own justification:

> We've had hard times, we've been hungry, we've been starved for amusement and interest and friends. We've been desperately tired. I've sat down again and again and howled with disappointment. I've made mistakes. I've been angry. I haven't often understood what I was doing for the children. But I've loved them. I've had a wonderful time.
>
> Those who haven't had them can't understand. Fancy expecting your children to be grateful to you! I'm grateful to them. I used to think it would never be over . . . the bringing them up, the endless work. . . . But all the time I was enjoying it.

From a disillusioned, but still adventurous, middle-age, Catherine looks back across her existence and persuades herself—and the reader—that she has been happy. That is the summing-up, the triumphant conclusion, of Miss Cambridge's narrative. More romantic, though in some respects not dissimilar, is Miss Owen's *Family Reunion*, sub-titled *The Story of an American Family*. The family is assembled on Christmas Day; Mrs. Brinton has achieved her seventieth year, has responded rapturously to the ardour of three husbands—one of them turned out to be a bigamist—has lost her money, taken in lodgers, but is still alive. She is still tensely curious and sympathetic; the affairs of her various daughters-in-law and grand-daughters, some happily and some unhappily married, are woven together in a large and convincing pattern. The result is more palatable than most family novels—Mrs. Brinton herself is a brilliant portrait; to use film-jargon, hers is "an Alison Skipworth part"—and avoids any irritating hint of the "saga."

All women are not mothers and benevolent matriarchs. After the close domestic atmosphere of the foregoing novels, with their bland insistence on the philoprogenitive side of life, it is a distinct and, in some ways, an agreeable change to contemplate the splendours and miseries of Miss Le Fanu. For poor Fanny was one of nature's pirates; out of the sheltered haven of an Irish manor house, driven by sheer restlessness and love of variety, she has sailed beneath the protection of the *Jolly Roger* to become the mistress—unacknowledged—of Sir Max Copling. She worked in "Coplings," his huge department store. When the narrative opens she has decided to reform, and the subsequent, and most entertaining, part of the book is concerned with her pursuance of that aim, her attempts to marry and steer a quieter and easier course. She substitutes a conventional ensign for her piratical flag—somehow, she must learn to forget her lover; the Sargasso Sea of the middle 'thirties has heaved in sight—only to haul it down again on the last page.

Describe a Circle is a consistently amusing book. It is not, perhaps, very well written, nor, emphatically, is it a book for the very squeamish, who may find the heroine's cynicism hard to swallow; but there are other readers who will enjoy it from end to end. It is the portrait both of a type and an individual; Fanny's resolutions and irresolutions, her desultory hankerings after "the good life," interrupted by her even more desultory love affairs, are depicted with incisive yet kindly skill. A great deal of wit has gone to the telling; Fanny in her office, at the mammoth shop, *vis-à-vis* her suspicious and virginal secretary, trying to keep up a façade of commercial briskness while her thoughts stray to past and prospective passions, would be laughable if her plight were less pathetic. The balance between satire and sentiment is neatly held; the novelist's humour is rabelaisian and wry together. One smiles at—yet is sorry for—Miss Le Fanu, and closes the book with a feeling of mild remorse.

It was her own fault, one reflects smugly as one puts it aside; if she had wished, she could have stayed at home in Ireland and need never have braved the tempests of commerce and passion. Would that one could so shelve *The Plebeian's Progress*. Here the chief characters, with the best will in the world, cannot escape from the sordid mazes of modern industrialism, for they are wage-slaves and slaves of the dole by turns. No prospect could be drearier on every hand. This is what it feels like, says Mr. Tilsley, to be a struggling, ambitious clerk, thrown out of employment, who earns a pittance by canvassing from door to door. This is what it feels like to haunt the Labour Exchange—and thus it happens that an intelligent and respectable man first falls into the habit of petty pilfering, then plans, but fails to execute, a joint suicide. The novel is, at least, an effective pamphlet, directed against the present state of society, and, in particular, against the imposition of the Means Test. As a pamphlet it is better reading than as a novel: it leaves behind it an extremely disquieting taste.

We next embark on a Mediterranean cruise. I did not read Dr. Cronin's *Hatter's Castle*; but I understand that it was one of those grim and voluminous books that devote an entire family to gloom and destruction. *Grand Canary* is, no doubt, intended as poetic relief. The island to which his voyagers wend their way belongs to the same literary archipelago—may the coral-insects that produce them never grow less!—as Mr. H. De Vere Stacpoole's tropical paradises where "death lurks in sunlight and among flowers." The heroine steps straight from a magazine; there is a superb passage in which the hero, a reformed drunkard—a brilliant but embittered man of science—is obliged to undress her and put her to bed, while she writhes in the grip of yellow fever:

> Tiny beads of sweat broke coldly upon his brow, the fine edge of his nostrils seemed cut from stone. But he went on. He knew it was imperative: he must combat the rising fever. . . . Soft shadows fell aslant her outstretched body, draping its lower nudity. About her unresistant form there floated a marvellous serenity.

To all who make a study of popular romanticism, and the chaste but voluptuous exuberance of its preferred style, I recommend Dr. Cronin's latest achievement.

PETER QUENNELL

A MASTER OF STYLE

The Haunted Mirror. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. *Cape. 7s. 6d.*

It is always interesting to study those ages in which a style (or fashion) in literary technique is being superseded by another: for the world of art being a mirror (no doubt haunted) of the real, is subject to its states of flux or equilibrium, reflecting in the virility or impotence of its aesthetic the political, philosophical and scientific thought of the period. The earliest civilisation, the Sumerian, over a very long number of years was completely static; and, except for some internal strife, the manners and morals of the nation had reached a point of equilibrium. This was, of course, reflected in Sumerian art which followed strictly traditional lines for centuries. At the present day the rapid change of values has never been equalled, and it, too, is clearly reflected in the ever-changing aesthetic of modern writers. It is odd that while so many sensitive people are able to analyse and in some way to adjust themselves to modern economic conditions, so few are willing even to consider modern aesthetics. Yet there are many writers (mostly American) who well repay a careful study on the score of style alone, and among them must be reckoned Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

She has been compared (I think most unfortunately) with William Faulkner: she has no more in common with him than that the substance of their writing is concerned with the peoples of the Southern States. Her scope seems to be more confined; or perhaps she is less ambitious to pursue her farmers and small-holders to their inevitable deterioration in the towns. In the very first story of the book under review we see this process at work. A young labourer, stricken with the desire for "learning," leaves his father's farm for the settlements and the great city. On his last night out he puts up at a small cabin, where he finds another traveller, an old man, already installed. But the latter, broken and destitute after many long years in the settlements, is on his way back to the very district the young man comes from.

> "Hit's a far piece back, but a man has a rather about where he'd like to be." Finally he spoke in great anger, his arm raised and his hand threatening: "I've swat my last drop of sweat in that-there country and eat my last meal's victuals. A man has a rather as to the place he likes to be."

Miss Roberts shares this old man's deep conviction, and has a rather as to the people she wants to write about. She is no sentimentalist, however, and the next day the young man descends into the cities of the plain. But there the story ends. In this book the nearest approach to a blending of country and town is in "The Shepherd's Interval." It is typical of Miss Roberts' avowedly partisan outlook that the shepherd should spend this interval in prison. In this respect, therefore, she lacks the width of Faulkner's genius in a concern only for the reflections of the country life. But her mirror throws back as living, as honest an image.

The most damaging criticism that has been raised against modern writers who—influenced in the first instance by Joyce and Stein—have discarded the delicate subtleties of the psychological weaving of Proust and Woolf is a complete absorption in style and the significant association of words. What are they writing about? Where is the story? These are the usual complaints. The public wants a story that comes clear to the conception, and a picture that shows in a glance "what it is about." Indeed, this experimentation in technique might well be compared with the experimentation of painters in abstract. But a design in itself must surely, to be satisfactory, have its own significance. And, with the inexplicable exception of Miss Stein in her later phases and the acrobatic writers in *transition*, it is design that is the key to modern literature. Plot itself (that is, a skeleton on which the flesh has to be moulded), while not absent, is subordinated to pattern. It is the final shape that is important, not the underlying structure, not the fashioning of any of the parts seen alone. It is this interest in synthesis rather than analysis which distinguishes the modern from the preceding school of writers. What, for instance, taken by itself, could be more awkward, unacademic prose than the opening sentences of "Death at Bearwallow," the last but one of Miss Roberts' seven stories?

> He had been to see his grandmother and the way home was growing dark, the ground at his feet imperfectly seen, moving nearer than his feet, as if his feet stepped into it and out again, as if they walked into an open substance which was like sponge. He had run out of the road to chase a rabbit, off into a cornfield, and now he was sorry for this.

How many rules have been broken! How many ideas have been jumbled up even in this small portion of the paragraph quoted! (But, for all that, how better could the reader be suddenly fixed, like a pinned butterfly on a setting board, into awareness of a tired child dragging himself along the road in the falling dusk of a summer night?) This story (few disinterested critics will deny it) is one of the best that has ever been written: and yet in its treatment—a merging of past and present, a duality of rhythm, and a constant interchange of the mature and immature reasoning of the chief character—it lays itself open to almost every form of adverse "literary" criticism. It is only when one has read the whole that one becomes sensible of a balance of mood, matter and style that fit into and set off one another in a way that is completely harmonious. I have read this story three times, and each time I am more than ever convinced that Miss Roberts is a master of style and that her method needs no justification. The other stories in *The Haunted Mirror* do not reach quite the same impossibly high standard. But all are exceedingly interesting. I do not know of another recently published book which I could more unhesitatingly recommend the intelligent reader to buy.

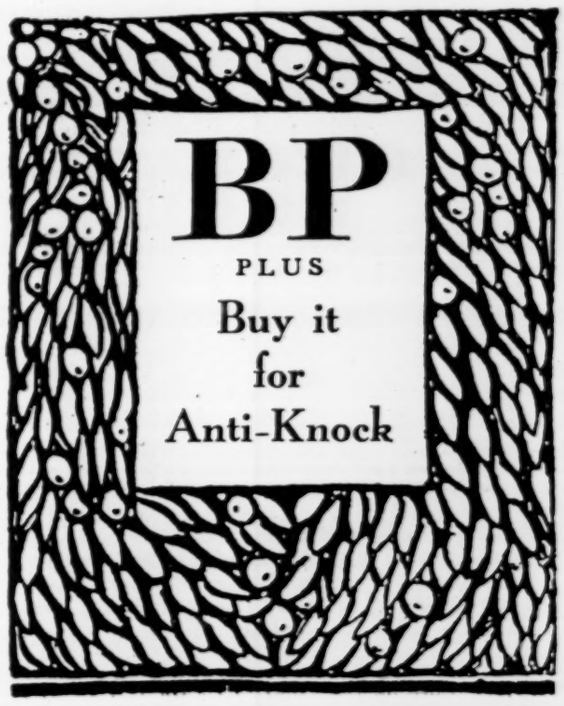
RICHARD STRACHEY

THE WORK OF HAROLD MONRO

Collected Poems of Harold Monro. Edited by ALIDA MONRO, with a Biographical Sketch by F. S. FLINT and a Critical Note by T. S. ELIOT. *Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d.*

The personality of the late Harold Monro was cross-grained with irreconcilable elements. If he could have expressed them all in his poetry, he would have left a more complex body of work, likely to have established him as a major poet of unfailing variety and interest. But the history of his literary struggle does not discover such a victory. It reveals only a series of partial triumphs, interspaced with self-doubts and bewilderments that towards the end of his life gathered a force which almost and negatively achieved the long-quested unity. But it was a unity of despair, voicing a no-philosophy not dissimilar to that of James Thomson. Perhaps both men were victims, aesthetically, of the ugly strength of the Industrial Age. "What can I do for poetry in such a world?" cried Monro to a gathering of literary people in Florence. And Maurice Hewlett (that tower of strength) replied, "For God's sake go and do something definite."

The result was that the young Monro emerged sufficiently from his self-probings and nostalgias to come to London and open



the "Poetry Bookshop." That event is already important in the history of English letters during the twentieth century. It formed a nucleus of interest and enthusiasm round which collected the "Georgian" poets. Nowadays the fashion-mongers deride them as a group of indistinguishables. But all that they had in common was their editor, Mr. Eddy Marsh, and their publisher, Harold Monro. They included poets mutually incomparable, as Walter De La Mare and W. H. Davies, or Lascelles Abercrombie and W. J. Turner.

The "Bookshop" did many practical things. It restored much of the damage done by the preciosity of the 'nineties. In the first decade of this century poetry had even less standing in England than it has usually been given. The "Bookshop" lifted it to a position similar to that which painting holds in Paris. The public and the press recognised poetry as a vocation at least worthy for a man, if not for a prophet. Poetry again took a domestic place, and living poets were quoted. Their work even was introduced into school books. Not only Mr. Monro's practical venture was responsible for this. His work also contributed, for especially in his earlier poems he concerned his muse largely with domestic enjoyments; the delight in homes and home-making, in week-end pleasures, in the joys of friendship and the company of dumb pets. His "Milk for the Cat" became an anthology piece so favoured that he made over a hundred pounds in fees from it!

Such work represented one side of his nature; the connoisseur of comforts, the taster of good wines, the toucher of fine fabrics, the man with a companionable gusto which could influence other poets (for example, Rupert Brooke in *These I Have Loved*). This was the side most presented to the world; courteous, urbane, and fastidious in sensuous taste. He lingered in this field perhaps because he feared the savagery and darkness of the forest surrounding it. But as the years passed he grew weary of the restraint, bored by the pleasant gadgets in the over-explored area. Fear and intangible shames broke out from those darker regions of his nature, and he had to face them. Towards the end they were leaping at him like wolves, and to one onlooker at least the impression is that a life which had not been lived on a large scale, went down with heroic grandeur and a burst of poignant music that made most of the poet's earlier work negligible. Hitherto he had pushed away the emotional responsibilities, though crying out against himself for so doing. He was thus ill-equipped for the bleak later stages of life's journey. His earlier aestheticism (that took a sybaritish course) had softened his muscles, and when the storm burst he cried out:

> Those quarrellings between my brain and heart
> (In which I'd take no part)
> Pursue their violent course
> Corrupting my most vital force
> So that my natural property is spent
> In fees to keep alive their argument.

He found no reconciliation between heart and brain, and the struggle to bring them to a unity was too much for him. I believe it killed him.

> Does not my ghost appear?
> My eyes feel over intervening space,
> And I am leaning forward at the strain
> Till, now, my fingers nearly touch your face.
> Lean out to me: I'm calling with my brain.
>
> Do you not feel me near?
> I'm bending forward on the wind of thought,
> Sailing toward you on the lake of mind.
> O share this moment which may not be brought
> Ever to life again, once left behind.
>
> But I can only hear
> Far off the beating of your lonely heart,
> While in between us flow the hurrying waves.
> A deathly wind is blowing us apart:
> Lovers are not more foreign in their graves.

Mr. Eliot has contributed a pertinent critical essay to this book. He believes that Monro was original in an unobtrusive way to be found only by reading the whole body of his work, and which was only immediately apparent in the last few poems. One must agree with that, though still unsure of anything positive until encountering those last poems, from which I have quoted above. The general impression is of a sudden flash of light towards dawn (the dawn of death); a rocket from a sinking ship, to signal the agony of the souls aboard. Mr. Eliot says that "the compensations for being a poet are grossly exaggerated; and they dwindle as we become older, and the shadows lengthen, and the solitude becomes harder to endure." It was even worse for Monro, because he missed both the essential poetry *and* the compensations—until the eleventh hour. But we have good authority for believing that the eleventh hour is not too late. Monro's last poem, and his best, is called *Bitter Sanctuary*. It is a significant title.

RICHARD CHURCH

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Sheed & Ward

THE GRAECO-ROMAN INFLUENCE

Raphael. By SIR CHARLES HOLMES. *Christophers.* 7s. 6d.

Had we not Sir Charles Holmes' assurance in his introduction that this book originated in a course of lectures given at University College, Aberystwyth, it would be hard to decide for what public it was intended. Sir Charles' object is to explain what he considers Raphael's transformation "from the skilful but uninspired painter of Florence into the mighty master of the Vatican frescoes," as due mainly to his new contact with Graeco-Roman painting. His book, however, is very far from being an adequate analysis of the Graeco-Roman elements in Raphael's art, while at the same time its distortions of emphasis make it a peculiarly fallible introduction to any understanding of Raphael's development.

The theory is not altogether as original as Sir Charles supposes; it was adumbrated by Gruyer and developed more fully by Müntz, and it is therefore all the more strange that in support of his thesis Sir Charles does not bring forward any of the little evidence available. There is no reference to the only passage in which Raphael mentions Roman painting. There is no reference to the relation which Crowe and Cavalcaselle found between Piranesi's Herculaneum engravings and the Giovanni da Udine and Pierino del Vaga *Hours* in the Vatican, derivatives, of course, of figures from the *Parnassus* and the *Galatea*. There is no reference to any specific frescoes which we know to have existed in Rome during Raphael's residence there, those in the Inghirami villa, for example, or the *Ceres and Bacchus* which Albertini describes as painted on a tomb in the Via Salaria. Instead, Sir Charles takes as the pivot of his discussion the *Aldobrandini Nuptials*, discovered a little more than a century after Raphael's death,

adding a vague assurance that the frescoes he believes to have influenced Raphael were almost certainly of a similar kind.

Not only is Sir Charles' presentation of his thesis weak; the thesis itself suffers from unwarrantable over-emphasis. It is really not so difficult to reconcile the Florentine and the Roman Raphael as he assumes. The difference between the Borghese *Entombment* and the *Disputà* is primarily a difference of medium. The *Entombment*, in fact, if we must divide into periods a career that develops as logically as Raphael's, is the beginning, not the end, of a phase, while the difference between the *Trinità* and the *Disputà* is far less radical than Sir Charles suggests. Neither does Raphael's work in oil deserve the curiously apologetic consideration that he accords it; his discussion of "the reluctance of Raphael to adopt lightness and breadth of handling when using oil paint" is tantamount to asking "Why isn't Raphael baroque?" —on the whole, an unprofitable line of inquiry. Apart from its immense intrinsic merit, the work of Raphael's Florentine period represents a continuous series of experiments, an essential absorptive preparation for the Vatican frescoes. His mature style is not a miracle to be explained by "some atavistic instinct for Graeco-Roman art, which had found no outlet hitherto" (an instinct, Sir Charles considers, shared by Masaccio); it is a synthetic product of the orderly assimilation of a long series of influences, in which classical painting, from what we know of it, can have played only a very small part indeed, influencing probably Raphael's forms rather than his composition. It is no argument for interdependence that Raphael's use of classical sculpture produces an effect comparable to that achieved similarly in Graeco-Roman painting.

It is needless to add that Sir Charles' case is argued with the eloquence his previous work has taught us to expect.

JOHN POPE-HENNESSY

ONE MUST HAVE STANDARDS

Towards Standards of Criticism: Selections from The Calendar. Introduction by F. R. LEAVIS. *Wishart*. 5s.

How to Teach Reading. By F. R. LEAVIS. *Minority Press*. 2s. 6d.

How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth? By L. C. KNIGHTS. *Minority Press*. 2s. 6d.

The only sacrament now necessary to salvation is "culture." The arts are no longer a happiness but a duty. Critical judgments, if they do not find the immediate acceptance that their truth should command, must be forced both on those who disagree and those who are not interested. Airmen should read Valéry, film stars the metaphysicals; or be damned.

It is unfortunate that *The Calendar* reviews and essays should have such advocacy, because even now they are vigorous examples of constructive criticism, rare in modern journalism. In "The Use Of Negative Emotions" Mr. Edgell Rickword forecasts the *Georgiad*, in "The Returning Hero," the *Apes of God*. But their prophetic value is historical. The value of the reviews as judgments on books and their authors has been tested by time and is still high, though their interest must depend a certain amount on the longevity of the books reviewed.

Certainly no reason for the financial failure of *The Calendar of Modern Letters* can be found in the quality of its contents. After a superficial examination of its failure, Dr. Leavis perversely suggests that the quality of the contents was so high that no one would buy the paper. (Yet he thinks this reprint is supplying a demand.) He does not examine the business aspect at all. No financial statement is made; so that the reviewer cannot judge the particular case of *The Calendar* Many literary reviews, however, are started with slighter instead of greater financial backing than the more popular papers and fail not because of the merit or demerit of their contents but for lack of capital and through careless organisation. To run an intellectual paper without money is as impossible but not as obviously foolish as to try to think without a body.

Dr. Leavis hints that Marxism may be necessary, so that a communist tyranny can impose the reading of *The Calendar* on an unwilling proletariat; but suggests trying first its prescription as an educational text-book. The thought of either creates a prejudice against the reviews, which even their freedom from such nonsense is taxed to overcome.

Dr. Leavis and his follower, Mr. L. C. Knights, are popularisers of criticism. They have read their Richards, Eliot and Empson and champion their masters with as much success as Miss Mannin when she expounds Freud. The emotions of the dining-room grow big in the servants' hall. Whom the master dislikes, the housemaid hates. Here, with a venomous bitterness that would surprise Mr. Eliot, Dr. Leavis and Mr. Knights defend his critical judgments, two Peters burning for a Malchus.

This hostile attitude is their only contribution to the principles of their critical predecessors. Mr. Empson's analytical method is used by Mr. Knights: but he lacks clarity in analysis and in his pleasure at discovering one ambiguity neglects two others in the same lines. His title is misleading. He asks a question on the title page but never thinks to answer it. The essay is "A Few Rough Notes on Macbeth". He considers that Macbeth is a *poem* because "the apprehension of the whole can only be obtained from a lively appreciation of the parts," whether they have an immediate bearing on the main action or "illustrate character" or not. He goes on to state that what is not psychologically relevant may be atmospherically so; but thinks this is not a dramatic quality, because he does not see that a drama is equally the complex concept of a single mind, as a poem.

How to Teach Reading is a pamphlet in criticism of Mr. Pound's *How to Read*, a new story added to a house built on sand. Their only difference is of objective. Obey *How to Read* and you become Mr. Pound; obey *How to Teach Reading* and you become Dr. Leavis; obey your instincts and read neither. Dr. Leavis' criticism of the Cambridge English course is justified, though Mr. F. L. Lucas has stated the case better in "*Cambridge University Studies*, 1933"; his authorities are good; his taste irreproachably orthodox; his standard of values bright and polished. But his propagandism, his fanatical devotion to sheep and hatred of goats, his own eclecticism and loathing of eclecticism, his evangelical attitude to culture, his translation of art into terms of education and his humorless worship of the artist, who would blow his values away with one laugh at them, qualify him rather as a prophet of puritanism than a professor of poetry. It is pathetic to see these Apes of God bravely emerging from the covered wagon of the Minority Press and in the attempt to widen the track blazed by true pioneers, with each new tree they fell making more impassable the way for those who follow.

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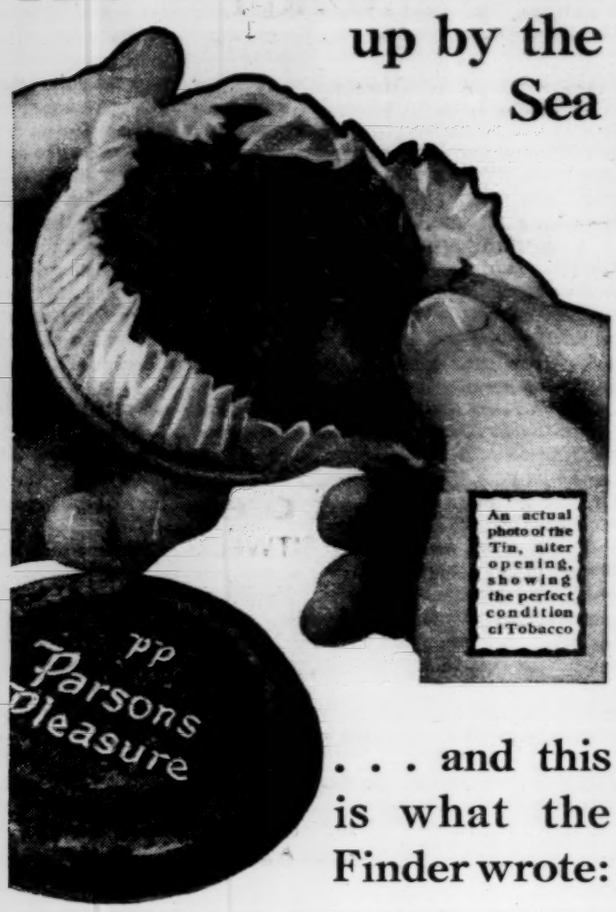

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THE POLITICAL MACHINE

The American Political System. By D. W. BROGAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s.

One of the Logia of Napoleon is to the effect that "institutions alone can ensure the destiny of nations; men cannot be counted on!" Unfortunately institutions do not run themselves; and the world is littered with the ruins of constitutions where authors had miscalculated the extra-legal and purely social machinery available and required to keep them going; and, at the present moment, in the see of the principal countries of Europe we see the social organisation of a dominant party replacing impartial legalities as the instrument of government.

The founders of the American Republic made a similar miscalculation. They regarded political parties, or "factions," as an obvious evil, and contemplated that the government both of the Union and of the States would be conducted by people like themselves, men of wealth and social authority, independent of all entangling alliances. In the words of Washington, "all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive [of popular government]." It did not take long for the visionary character of these ideas to be demonstrated; and in this book Mr. Brogan explains the genesis and the present character of the very realistic political machinery which has taken their place.

The organisation of politics in America has had to encounter obstacles which lie outside English experience. The first obstacle is the Constitution itself, which is both intentionally and accidentally designed to make party government, as we understand it, impossible. There is, in the first place, the great legislative independence of the several States, which reduces to a minimum the number of questions which are of interest to the whole country at the same time: there is the "separation of powers"; there is the "locality rule," requiring members of Congress to be residents in their respective electoral districts. To these negative obstacles must be added the positive impediment to the rise of true political parties resulting from the competing attractions of the "spoils system" and the "pork-barrel."

The result is that the two principal American parties are leagues whose organisations and cohesion rests but a very limited extent upon any political programme. "There is no politics in politics"; "it is the essential character of the national parties that they should be empty bottles, which can be filled with whatever contents the immediate necessities of the case demand!" "I'm not against statesmen," Senator Penrose once said; "every party got to have a few; they're the kept women of politicians; they come in handy when the people get tired of you." In short, the American political machine exists primarily for the purpose of collecting and distributing the spoils of war, and only incidentally provides a government. On the other hand, as Mr. Brogan remarks, "the United States are at a lower level of national integration than England; at a higher level than Europe; they cannot be judged by any standard which disregards that truth"; and "the American party system . . . must be artificial or cease to be national," and the political fiction of the existence of two "national" parties is the price that the American people have to pay for certain very real tangible benefits, notably for being the United States and not another South America!

For the general ineffectiveness of "reform" movements Mr. Brogan offers the explanation that they strike at symptoms and not at the roots of the disease, one of which is the failure of the average citizen to appreciate the corrupting influence of "business." When he is roused to active discontent with the system, he thinks he wants a "business government," not realising that what is wrong is that that is precisely what he has got. Mr. Brogan is perhaps somewhat too pleased with this paradox. The fact that business buys the politicians does not mean that there is a "business government"; partially to control is not to govern; to govern is to be conspicuously responsible for whatever the State does or leaves undone.

Mr. Brogan displays in this remarkable book a knowledge of American men and affairs which would be striking in a Senator. The ground he covers can be indicated by the headings of some of the eleven parts into which the book is divided: these include "The Origin and Character of the Parties," "The President," "Congress," "The Spoils System," "The Pension System," "The Machine," "Conventions and Candidates," "The Campaign." The subject being the machinery of party, the writer makes no

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pretence of re-writing Bryce, or of explaining the legalities of the Constitution, a knowledge of which he takes for granted. In fact it may be charged as a criticism that he takes too much knowledge for granted, certainly for the English reader, and probably for most American. "The sad cases of Vermilion County, Indiana, and of Adams County, Ohio, are in the text-books as examples of rural degradation, but they are far from being unique"; "Montana is surely more to be congratulated on the system that returns the two present Senators than on that which enabled Clark to debauch the State." Few are those who could pass a creditable examination on some hundreds of Sybilline sayings such as these.

The American Constitution and the machines by which it is worked rank among the major misfortunes of mankind. But Mr. Brogan, sufficiently occupied with the presentation of an impressive digest of facts, is prudently reluctant to forecast the future or to prescribe remedies. His sympathies would lead him to wish to see the rise of a Socialist party, such as is said to have done so much to purify politics in Wisconsin. But in his opinion that is not at present possible. "The American sectional and classless parties are a delusion and a snare, and if they were tolerable in the good old days they are now a luxury that the United States cannot afford. It is necessary that the cards be put on the table, and that the sections of the population who believe in giving the rich their head should be on one side, and those who disagree should be on the other. It is often asserted that what the United States wants is a powerful Socialist or Labour party, but what is immoderately necessary is a powerful and intellectually honest Conservative party." M. S. AMOS

SHORTER NOTICE

Economic Scares. By PROFESSOR EDWIN CANNAN. *King.* 4s. 6d.

On economic topics it is easiest to write stodgily and mechanically, and that, accordingly, is how most economists do write. But for the urbane conversational manner, common-sense humour and genuine charm, there is no one but Professor Cannan. In *Economic Scares*, a reprint of four lectures delivered during the last two years, he is at his best. Here, once again, is the author of *An Economist's Protest*, the unwearying exponent of truths which should be obvious but which—thanks, he says, to the incompetence of economists in educating the public—have been either forgotten or so submerged by successive scare-catchwords as to appear paradoxical. Nowadays the over-population issue is, if not a dead horse, at all events a sleeping dog; but the balance of trade scare, the too little saving scare, and the not enough work scare, are live enough.

Of course it is all rather too good to be true. Professor Cannan's enduring disbelief in "credit creation," which enables him to short-circuit the whole savings investment controversy, makes an unsatisfactory premise to an important argument; the difficulty here has been merely pushed out of sight. His estimate of the effect of wage reductions, and indeed the whole spirit of *laisser faire* which permeates these papers, seem unwarrantably optimistic. Common sense is supposed to be so called because of its extreme rarity; it is pathetic to see how Professor Cannan, possessing it himself to so high a degree, persists in the face of discouragement in attributing to his fellow-citizens a sufficient supply of the same virtue to make his advice workable.

DRAMA!

Can he go through with it? He lifts the blade and gingerly tests its edge. It had seemed easy planning days ahead, but his nerve fails him now the time has arrived. He thinks of people who suffer agony all their lives because of the very same thing . . . . He can't! He won't! But no, it is too late now to change his mind. Mentally he squares his shoulders and he turns to pick up the blade which seemed to glitter menacingly in the morning sunlight—he's gone too far now, and can do nothing but go through with it. Footsteps are heard growing nearer, he braces himself for the act, the door opens . . .

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About Motoring

SHOCKS FOR THE PREJUDICED

IT is always very difficult for the motorist to protect himself against implications of callousness whilst the roads extort such toll of life and limb, and we drivers refuse to clamour for the restoration of the speed limit, the imposition of driving tests, and a host of other cheap nostrums advocated by scaremongers and partisans. Our difficulty consists in the fact that our defence and our constructive proposals are alike complex, lengthy, and vague. They can be expounded in a treatise; but they cannot be summarised in a paragraph, or even in a page. For this reason I am happy to draw attention to an article by Mervyn O'Gorman in the May *Nineteenth Century*, reprints of which in pamphlet form are fortunately obtainable. The article is a closely reasoned and extremely modest appeal for a scientific analysis of two allied fields—road layout and traffic control. It pleads, as I too have always pleaded, that the problems of road safety are extremely complicated; that they admit of no single or simple solution; that they have been very inadequately studied; and that most of the popular remedies would only serve to intensify the evils which they aspire to end. The article, in fact, is full of shocks for the brain of the ordinary hearthrug doctrinaire. To quote a single example, most superficial prattlers on such topics assume that the removal of the speed limit was a national disaster; that it was wangled by motoring interests in the teeth of justice and common sense. If it could only be restored and enforced, says the average superficial humbug, the death-roll would shrink almost to vanishing point in a few weeks. The Metropolitan police authorities take an entirely different view. They control an area which contains a quarter of England's population, and displays a more complete range of traffic problems than any other area in the country. It is indeed the only comprehensive area, accommodating fast and slow traffic, dense and sparse traffic, and including both wide modern highways and narrow, prehistoric streets. Yet the Metropolitan police records prove that approximately 80 per cent. of the people killed on their roads by motor vehicles are killed by vehicles travelling at less than fifteen miles an hour, and only 5 per cent. are slain by drivers moving at over twenty miles an hour. This is in sharp and direct defiance of the popular opinion, and shows that in this typical area speed is not the decisive factor, as is almost universally supposed.

It is not possible to quote extensively from Mr. O'Gorman's luminous analysis, which will leave any hearthrug doctrinaire silent and blushing. He raises dozens of small but vital points in a few lines apiece; and every experienced motorist can balance each of his points with twenty more. For example, he mentions "orderly placing on the road" as an essential condition of safety, and proves that existing law and existing conditions prohibit orderly placing. To quote an example. I live in a short street which debouches at right angles into another street. At this junction there have been eleven heavy collisions between motor vehicles in the last sixteen months. Every one of these collisions has been due to a failure in "orderly placing." Cars are supposed by law to hug the left. They cannot do so at this road junction, since a vehicle which steers in a minimum circle of 40ft. radius can never "hug" a granite rightangle very closely. So the cars swing out from left to right before taking the corner, and owing to this swing eleven of them have been rammed by other cars crossing the end of the street. These eleven collisions were

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largely independent of speed, and in fact all occurred at very rational speeds, probably of less than 20 m.p.h. in each case. They could have been prevented by (*a*) opening up visibility at the corner; or (*b*) rounding off the granite kerb rightangle, so that no swinging out was enforced; or (*c*) designating one of the two roads by signs as a "superior" road, and placing the entire onus on traffic debouching from the inferior road. None of these obvious and fairly inexpensive remedies has even been suggested, much less advanced as a practical proposition. Neither a speed limit (even of 20 m.p.h.) or the imposition of driving tests would have eliminated one of these eleven crashes. I take the corner a thousand times a year, and have used it for eight years with immunity, simply because I was a pioneer motorist, possess unusual experience, and have not encountered (either there or elsewhere) any emergency which stretched my imagination too taut. But some member of the ordinary public, owning smaller qualifications, crashes on this corner once a fortnight, if we include cycles and pedestrians.

Here is another detail which the scaremongers' inexperience prevents them from mentioning. A driver enters a more or less busy shopping street or residential road in search of a particular address. He is a stranger to the neighbourhood, and his business may vary from that of a taximan delivering a guest at a private house, to a chauffeur identifying a shop for his mistress, or a country doctor bringing a patient to a nursing home. The layout of English streets places every possible obstacle in the seeker's way, thereby confusing the driver with the maximum degree of distraction, and creating the maximum risk for all other road users. The odd and even numbers of the street may be continuous along both sides, or separated on either side. They will in any case be tolerably illegible by day and completely invisible by night. Should the address chance to be situated down a side turning, the utmost difficulty will be found in identifying the required turning. If the names of the side streets are placarded at all they may be on either side of the opening, at any height, in any colour, and obscured in all sorts of ways by plinths and ivy and other obstructions. An exceptionally shrewd man, who has forearmed himself by study of the map and the directory, and is blessed with a photographic memory, will breathe a sigh of relief when he finds the right street. Last year I was dodging Paris by the Seine boulevards, aided by a typewritten route card issued by a great touring organisation. It directed me on reaching the Seine to proceed along the bank as far as Pont X. Will it be believed that these professional guides failed to add that Pont X was six miles from the point at which I struck the Seine, and that I had to stop and identify some dozen bridges before I found the right bridge? This is quite typical of the utter lack of intelligence applied to route-finding by most public bodies. I have no space for further illustrations from Mr. O'Gorman's pitiless exposure of the existing muddle; but I warmly recommend readers to procure a reprint, and study it at length.

R. E. DAVIDSON

WHEN DINING OUT

How many of us on reaching middle age can claim complete immunity from acidity, heartburn and flatulence after meals? To most dining-out means an ordeal for the digestion with painful penalties for indulgence. This squeamish digestion is common among the middle-aged in England; a legacy handed down by high-living, gouty ancestors.

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

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Much perturbed, he sent for his five soothsayers. "Answer me these questions, O soothsayers. Is it true that I shall soon die, and that O-Kai will succeed me, and that my kingdom will be brought to nothingness? And tell me, each of you—since I know you all to be scoundrels—what reliance I can place upon the others."

Each soothsayer retired to his apartment and wrote as King Go-Hon had directed him.

"O King," wrote Num-Skul, "all three prophecies are true. You will die and O-Kai will succeed you, and your kingdom will be brought to naught. Beware of Long-Ear, who will lie to you twice, and of Bad-Egg, who will lie to you thrice."

"You will not die," wrote Long-Ear, "and, when you do, O-Kai will not succeed you. But alas! your kingdom will be brought to nothingness. Bad-Egg will lie to you (though once only), and so, O King, will Bat-Eye."

"You will die, O King," wrote Bad-Egg, "but your kingdom will continue to prosper. O-Kai will not succeed you. Sez-U will lie once to you—heed him not—and Bat-Eye will lie to you thrice."

"Fear not," wrote Bat-Eye. "You will not die, O King, and no harm will befall your kingdom. Nor shall O-Kai succeed you. Num-Skul will lie to you once, and Sez-U will lie thrice."

"Alas," wrote Sez-U. "You will die, O King, and O-Kai will succeed you, but your kingdom will not be reduced to nothingness. Heed not Num-Skul, who will lie to you twice, nor Long-Ear, who will lie once."

In all, it will be noticed, the soothsayers made twenty-five assertions. Ten of these assertions were in fact true.

Which of the five soothsayers (if any) answered Go-Hon's three questions correctly?

PROBLEM 21.—THE FIVE OFFICERS

Grenade is the Brigadier.
Vereylight is the Colonel.
Tank is the Major.
Mustardgas is the Captain.
Howitzer is the Lieutenant.

The solution is fairly easy once it is discovered that the officers can be cyclically disposed. The Brigadier's identity then leaps to the eye. Nevertheless, in the opinion of several solvers, this is the best problem in inference so far set.

An amusing "addendum" to this problem has reached me called *Infidelity in the Mess*. Unfortunately it has become separated from the letter which accompanied it. Would its author mind dropping me a line?

PROBLEM 20.—THE COINERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to: J. R. Whalley, 4, Sea View, Amberstone, Hailsham, Sussex.

There were 69 correct solutions.

Six points are awarded for this problem.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

CALIBAN

COMPANY MEETING

ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING COMPANY LTD.

A SATISFACTORY YEAR'S TRADING

CONTINUED INCREASE IN SALES

The 11th Annual General Meeting of the Alvis Car and Engineering Co. Ltd., was held on Monday, May 29th, at the Registered Offices of the Company, Holyhead Road, Coventry.

Mr. T. G. John, M.Inst.C.E., M.Inst.N.A., Managing Director and Deputy Chairman of the Company, presided and, the Secretary (Mr. H. Wagstaffe) having read the notice convening the Meeting and the report of the Auditors, said:

THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

I must first of all express regret at the absence through illness of our esteemed Chairman, Sir Arthur Lowes Dickinson.

It is a pleasure to the Directors to be able to congratulate the Shareholders on the satisfactory results of the past year's trading, results which show a Gross Profit of £44,786, as compared with £22,575 in the preceding year. The Net Profit after providing for Maintenance, Repairs and Depreciation on a liberal scale, for Interest on Bank Loan and for Directors' Fees, amounts to £24,206, as compared with £7,078 in 1931.

The Works and Plant have been kept in first-rate condition and have been working at full output for the whole of the period; in fact a considerable amount of overtime has had to be worked, and since the close of the financial year some valuable additions have been made to the Company's Buildings and Plant in order to take care of the business which is still increasing.

After reference to details of the Balance Sheet the Chairman continued:

Including the balance of £12,675, brought forward from 1931, there is a balance of £36,882, which the Directors propose to appropriate as follows, viz., to pay the Preference Dividend for eighteen months to June 30th last, absorbing £8,437 less Tax, to reduce the amount standing at the debit of Development Account by £20,000, and to carry forward the balance of £8,444.

With the satisfaction which these figures inspire, it is a matter calling for comment that the Directors do not on this occasion recommend a Dividend on the Ordinary Shares, although the profits earned might seem to warrant such. The reasons for this conservative policy are largely financial. Since the beginning of this year eighteen months' Dividend has been paid upon the Preference Shares, thus clearing all arrears to June 30th last. As you will have seen by the Balance Sheet, the financial position of the Company after doing this is reasonably strong, but in the opinion of the Directors it is much to the advantage of the Ordinary Shareholders that it should be still further strengthened. For that reason it is not recommended that an Ordinary Dividend be paid on this occasion. With the business which the Company is now experiencing, however, this position can reasonably be hoped to correct itself at a not distant date.

As regards the present position of the Company and its future prospects, the Directors think that Shareholders have a good deal of cause for satisfaction. The products of the Company are held in very high esteem by the car-buying public, and its various models are satisfactory and renowned.

An interesting reflection is that during the first four months of the present year the Company's Sales have exceeded those for the corresponding period of last year by no less than 47 per cent., whilst they are 73 per cent. more than those of the similar period of the year preceding that.

It is impossible, of course, to say how far this happy state of affairs will continue, but we are well known and established in a specialised market in which our cars show supremacy, our technical knowledge and skill are keeping pace with the position we have created, and so I think we can face the future with confidence.

The Resolution recommending the adoption of the Directors' Report and Accounts was seconded and carried unanimously.

"I found a shoe I could walk in all day-

in any temperature, over any ground, and then sit in them all the evening without once even thinking of getting into my slippers."
SIR HERBERT BARKER, the eminent specialist in Manipulative Surgery, made the statement quoted above after a long and arduous search to find his ideal shoe.
The shoe, made to Sir Herbert's own design, was shown to a member of a renowned Shoe-making firm, who secured permission to place it on the market. It is known as the "Sir Herbert Barker Shoe," and is obtainable from Charles H. Baber Ltd., 302-308, Regent Street, London, W.1. City Agents—W. Marshall Ltd., 29, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3. North London Agents—Mulholland's, 410, Holloway Road, N.7, and branches. Also Agents in all large towns. Sir Herbert Barker's story of the search is told in a booklet. Send post card for free copy to

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

A RECOVERY IN GILT-EDGED?—SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD TAXATION—"JOHNNIES"—BURYING THE GOLD CLAUSE

THE controversy over the outlook for the gilt-edged market is becoming rather silly. Just because speculators are to-day rushing into "equity" shares in order to discount a level of earnings which, if the world keeps sane and optimistic (a pretty big "if"), may be realised in 1934 35, it is absurd to jump to the conclusion that investors will to-morrow be rushing out of British Government securities. The supporters of the theory that the gilt-edged market is "finished" seem to forget that even in "boom" times there are investors who hold British Government stocks both for choice and for necessity. If the evidence of past monetary cycles is of any significance, it is worth recalling that normally the market prices of gilt-edged securities go on rising (though at a declining pace) for the first year of a period of reviving trade. After a severe slump trade is not likely to recover so rapidly that the financing of it will put a strain on the credit system. Indeed, if half the proposals which are to be considered by the monetary experts at the World Economic Conference are put into practice, the Central Banks will in future work upon a lower gold ratio so that there will be a super-abundance of banking credit for a long time. Even if no alteration to the gold ratios is agreed on, the Governments of the United States, Great Britain, and the other "off-gold" countries stand committed to an "easy money" policy which will not be changed in the first flush of a trade recovery. Ordinarily a wild speculation in commodities and securities (which is perhaps threatened in America) would have to be corrected by dearer money. But President Roosevelt has a more direct way of stopping Wall Street speculation if it assumes dangerous proportions—he can ask the Senate to turn from banker-baiting to broker-baiting and pass a "National Control of Wall Street" Bill imposing fresh taxation on transfers.

* * *

According to the *Financial Times* indices, British industrial shares have risen by 9.9 per cent. and gilt-edged stocks have fallen by 2.2 per cent. since the beginning of May. This is not a serious reaction for the latter, especially as the market has been upset by the Treasury allotment of 2½ per cent. Conversion loan in recent weeks at declining prices (from £94 11*s.* 9.09*d.* on March 24th to £92 9*s.* 2.91*d.* on May 26th). Actually, high-grade industrial debentures and preference shares have continued in the same period to rise, so that there is no suggestion of a reaction in fixed interest securities as a whole. The narrowing of the gap between the yields obtainable on British Government stocks (3½ per cent.) and industrial debentures (3⅞ per cent. to 4 per cent.) is an anomalous position and will be corrected—in our opinion—by a rise in the market prices of the former rather than by a fall in those of the latter. Technically the money situation favours an early recovery in the gilt-edged market. Short-term money is as cheap and plentiful as ever, the Treasury borrowing last week at 6/4.27*d.* per cent. There is little sign as yet of a reversal of the factors which made for the "gilt-edged boom" of 1932—namely, the rise in bank deposits (following on the influx of foreign money), the fall in "loans and advances" and the rise in "investments." The only peculiar feature of the April returns of the joint stock banks was the increase in cash; but investments were up and loans and advances down, as will be seen from the following table:

MONTHLY STATEMENTS OF NINE ENGLISH CLEARING BANKS

	Deposits.	Cash.	Loans and Advances.	Discounts.	Investments.
			(In Million £s.)		
1932:					
January	1677.3	224.0	889.3	237.0	292.7
June	1726.8	235.9	836.8	275.8	348.5
December	1943.9	257.4	758.4	406.0	479.5
1933:					
January	1943.6	256.2	749.6	429.4	479.5
February	1917.5	250.3	751.0	383.7	504.6
March	1886.1	247.2	751.6	346.2	516.7
April	1891.2	262.2	749.2	335.9	523.7

In April the banks apparently refrained from buying Treasury Bills (witness the fall in discounts) and did not use up their surplus cash in "short" or "long" investments on the Stock Exchange. Thus their cash ratio increased. This increase in the banks' ratio of cash to deposits from 10.8 per cent. to 11.4 per cent. in April was sufficient to account for the setback in the gilt-edged market. Why did the banks hold off from the gilt-edged market in April and May? It may be that they expected a new Government issue for the financing of the Exchange Equalisation Account: it may be that they just expected a reaction in the market and intended to buy "shorts" and "longs" at a point or two cheaper. But they cannot go on accumulating idle cash indefinitely, for cash earns them nothing. In good time they will again buy for income purposes the short- and long-dated stocks of the British Government. Not till there is an efflux of foreign money from London need we begin to feel nervous of the gilt-edged market.

* * *

The Budget speech of Mr. Havenga, the Finance Minister of the South African Government, was so confusing that not even the experts in the mining houses knew how to apply the new taxation to their profits. The confusion is due partly to the fact that the Government's receipts from the gold mining industry are derived partly from an income tax (which was formerly 20 per cent.), and partly from participation in the profits of the Government mining leases (held by Government Gold Mining Areas, Brakpan, New State Areas, Springs, Sub Nigel, East Geduld, West Springs, Simmer and Jack, and Daggafontein). In 1932, with gold at the standard price of approximately 84*s.* 10½*d.* per oz., the gross revenue of the gold mines was about £49 millions, of which working costs took £33 millions, leaving approximately £16 millions as working profit. The Government received by way of the 20 per cent. profit tax and payments from the leased mines £3,500,000. Using 1932 figures, an increase in the selling price of gold from 84*s.* 10½*d.* to 120*s.* per oz. would result in additional revenue of nearly £19 millions. Mr. Havenga in his Budget speech stated that the Government proposed to take by taxation an additional £6 millions from the gold mines: this represents roughly 33⅓ per cent. of the additional revenue accruing from the present premium on gold—which is not extortionate although it is more than the market generally anticipated. But apparently this additional taxation is not to be applied to the "premium," but to profits on a graduated scale after certain allowances. First, the Government recalculates the additional profits earned by taking a new "standard" price of gold of 93*s.* 3*d.* per oz. (adding 10 per cent. to the old "standard" of 84*s.* 10½*d.* per oz. to compensate for the low-grade ore which may have been worked during the period assessed). Secondly, any part of the gold premium used in development is to be exempt from additional taxation. This, Mr. Havenga maintained, encouraged sound development and penalised by higher taxation any failure on the part of a mine to take advantage of its opportunities. Mr. Havenga's scheme appears to be a statesmanlike proposal, but it is certainly not a "bull" point for Kaffirs.

* * *

We recommended in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of April 8th Union Corporation shares at 3⅞. This company holds Gedulds, East Gedulds and Grootvlei, as well as miscellaneous investments outside the gold mining industry. The shares have now risen to 4 1/16. We suggest that holders should consider cashing in their profits and exchanging into Johannesburg Consolidated £1 shares at 50*s.* 6*d.* In the year to June, 1932, "Johnnies" paid 7½ per cent. In the year to June, 1933, dividends will be largely increased as the company will have received the benefit of the larger dividends from its gold mines. Moreover, it is believed that "Johnnies" have written down their interests in diamonds and Rhodesian copper to a nominal value in the balance sheet. And the diamond mines are probably to be reopened. The potential dividend yield on "Johnnies" is greater far than the 3.2 per cent. yield obtainable on Union Corporation.

* * *

We rejoice to see that the repudiation of the gold clause is being legalised in the United States. Under a Bill introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Steagall the Gold Standard Act is to be repealed and all gold clauses in debts of the United States or of its citizens will be invalidated. It will be lawful to pay debts in the United States in legal tender, all kinds of Federal currency being declared to be legal tender. No currency will be redeemable thereafter in gold. This Bill tidies up the mess of gold clause defaults, but it must not be forgotten that the Supreme Court is higher than Congress and that if the Supreme Court upholds the gold clause (on the ground that private contracts cannot be invalidated by the Federal Government), nothing can upset that decision until the United States Constitution is altered—which requires time and a two-thirds majority of all the States. But for all practical purposes we may regard the gold clause as dead and buried. Mr. J. P. Morgan never issued a loan with a gold clause, and as the Senate investigation shows there is little that Mr. J. P. Morgan does not know about human nature. After this grand default on gold it only remains to repudiate the War debts.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

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